Friendship Improv'd;

OR, THE

Female Warriour.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at

The Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*,

By His Majesties Servants.

Written by Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

LONDON:
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TO

Edward Coke, of *Norfolk* Esq.

SIR,

THe greateſt, and indeed almoſt the only advantage, a Poet reaps from what He writes, is the opportunities he meets with of making himſelf known to the beſt, and greateſt men of his Age. A Play is firſt made publick in the Theatre; and when it comes to the Preſs, if any one has ſpoken kindly, and favourable of it, in the Repreſentation, the Poet chooſes him for his Patron; He having before (according to the Authors Conſtruction) choſen him for his Poet. The diſtance I am at from the City, and ev'n from the Kingdom too, will keep me Ignorant for ſome time, what ſucceſs this Play (which I Humbly offer to your Patronage) may meet with. If the Town is pleas'd with it, I ſhall be pleas'd with my ſelf for pleaſing them; if they condemn it, I ſhall be apt to conclude ſo many in the right, rather than my ſingle ſelf. You ſaw it in Manuſcript, and I have this early and auſpicious Advantage, that You approve of it. *Boadicea* pleas'd them, and I receiv'd a very great additional ſatisfaction, when I underſtood how particularly it pleas'd You. I will not go to compare that Play, and this together, nor follow the cuſtom, of reckoning the laſt performance beſt; and ſhowing the greateſt fondneſs of the Youngeſt Brat. The Rhime was the only thing that recommended that; and

for ought I know, the only thing too, that can recommend this. I could wish for something distinguishing in it, because it is sacred to you, and I should desire to be known to you at advantage. If the pains in writing will endear it to you, it cost me much more than the former. It has some sort of design besides (such as it is) but I was never very guilty of Plotting. I can hardly keep the Characters in my Play, from being as honest, and sincere, as I would be my self in a Dedication. A vicious Character disturbs me while I draw it, and it grates me to delineate a Villain. 'Tis certain no Poet can excite any Passion in another, if he does not feel it first in himself. Who then will choose to describe discontent, envy, or revenge, when they may have such fair Fields as Honour and Vertue, to range in; all there is bright before them, and the Flight the Muse takes thence, is Heavenwards? Such Characters, artfully, and justly drawn, will excite the good and great to be Patrons; and such Patrons as You (Sir) will soon teach Poets to draw such Characters. You are endow'd with all the Blessings of Nature and Fortune, and you are as Liberal of the gifts of the latter to others, as she has been to You. So great is your Estate, it would be unwieldy to have it more; and such good use is made of it, that envy does not wish it less. It is not consum'd in vain, and superfluous Equipage; but laid out in maintaining the old, open English hospitality. Desert, in want, is supply'd; and honesty in distress, is succour'd and sustain'd; great without Titles,

and

and good above greatneſs; rich, rather to others than your ſelf; and ſeeming only as your own Steward. Your inclinations, and endeavours are the general good of mankind; and none ever went from you diſſatisfyed; delighted in obliging others, and pleas'd to ſee them pleas'd with your Bounty. Wiſhing the welfare of all men, and ſpeaking well of all men, is a ſure way to meet with an univerſal return of good will and good wiſhes. He doubly enjoys his Fortune, who has it wiſh'd double, by all that know him.

Among the Prayers of others accept of the praſies of the Poet; humbly and heartily, tho' feebly offer'd. I now begin to experience, how much the Mind may be influenc'd by the Body. My Muſe is confind, at preſent, to a weak and ſickly tenement; and the Winter Seaſon will go near to over-bear her, together with her houſhold. There are Storms, and Tempeſts to beat her down, or Froſts to bind her up, and kill her; and ſhe has no Friend on her ſide but Youth to bear her thro'; if that can ſuſtain the attack, and hold out, till Spring comes to relieve me, one uſe I ſhall make of farther life, ſhall be to ſhow how much, I am,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted, humble Servant

CHARLES HOPKINS.

Londonderry,
Nov. 1ſt. 99.

PRO

PROLOGUE.

LOng has our Author beat his addled Brains
To purchaſe Fame, but can't find Ways, and Means.
They talk of Fame, but 'tis the thought of many,
They ne'er regarded that, nor writ for any,
But wholly plodded how to turn the Penny.
That is the Plot, which every Poet lays;
Thither drives all their aim, and now a-days,
Faith, 'tis the only Plot you'l find in Plays.
Yet when poor Author is in greateſt need,
Seldom, ah! ſeldom does his Plot ſucceed.
His way would be in this unlucky Age,
Not to write for, but write againſt the Stage.
The monyed men would then his Cauſe defend:
City Security's a ſpecial Friend.
They'd fit you out, for Ceylon, *or* Japan,
Teach you to Trade, and ſet you up a man;
Make you grow Rich;—— that's if a Poet can.
What City-like Eſtates, might one procure at
Thoſe Golden Ports, or of Bengale, *or* Surat?
None of our Tribe, e'er made the Voyage yet,
As none of theirs Trades with our Houſe for wit.
If they were Fools enough to make the barter,
How well might they deſerve to loſe their Charter?
But Poets with the love of Courts are Curſt,
Which leave them Poets, as they found them firſt:
Thought wholly for the ſmalleſt truſt unfit,
And reckon'd uſeleſs, for their very Wit:
Whoſe only Wages is their homely board,
What Shares, the Back-Stair Pages can afford,
Or, when Fate ſmiles, a dinner with a Lord.
The mask of madneſs has been often try'd,
Deep Projects of deſiging heads to hide,
Who, as time ſerv'd, ſtill threw their mask aſide.
Why is there of deſigning madneſs mention?
Poets have ſtill run mad thro' no intention.
'Twixt Wake, and Sleep, they live ſupine in ſlumber,
On all occaſions, laid aſide as Lumber;
No Money left,—— but Lines exceeding number.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

MOst Poets spread abroad an idle rumour,
They never found an Audience in good humour.
Our Poet, having tasted of your favour,
Swears it is false, and does his best endeavour
To keep you all his Friends; —— *Amen* — *for ever.*
Tho' I have told him, with undaunted Spirit,
It was your Goodness only, not his Merit;
He Vows he knows not, (be the shame his own)
Worse Poets; and a better natur'd Town;
Some Criticks there may be, but those are few,
Not such Fine-well-dress Gentlemen, as You: [To the side Boxes.
In finding fault lies all their dear delight,
And yet they read as little as they write.
If e'er they write, they let no Creature know it, } To the Pit,
But keep the Poem, and conceal the Poet, } and side
With as much pains as you would take to show it. } Boxes.
O! that some Envoy in behalf of Wit,
Would make a Truce with the tumultuous Pit:
But want of Treasure is our Stages curse,
And to Equip him, you must make the Purse.
A Peace with Criticks, is our Houses Pray'r;
Our Daughters, and our Wives ——
Our maiden Actresses —— *if such there are,*
Implore it from those unbelievers there.
Which if you should deny, we must no doubt,
Or shut up Shop ——
Or shut our Journey-men, the Poets, out.
How would it balk an Author's expectation,
In these good times, to fail to please the Nation,
Now that good Wine is come again in fashion?
Beau's, our best Friends, we fear, will run to France,
And leave us fidling here, while there they dance.
Some now will say with a contracted brow,
So mad an ending to a mournful show ——
Yet you have laught at Tragedies e're now;
And faith I think, it were not much amiss,
(With our good Author's leave) to laugh at this.
Ev'n Nature is her self a constant jest,
And the whole World, a Stage-Play at the best.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Zoilus, Uſurper of *Sicily*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Maherbal, his General.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Archias, an Old Nobleman.	Mr. *Arnold*.

WOMEN.

Semanthe, Wife to *Zoilus*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Cyllene, her Eldeſt Daughter.	Mrs. *Moore*.
Locris, the Younger Daughter, brought up in Man's Cloaths and Educated as ſuch.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Orythia, Daughter to the Deceas'd King.	Mrs. *Porter*.

Soldiers, Men, and Women, Attendants.

SCENE *Sicily*.

ACT

Friendſhip Improv'd:

OR, THE

Female Warrier.

ACT I. SCENE *Syracuſe.*

Enter Zoilus, Semanthe.

Zo. THUS far the bounteous Gods have bleſt my Toyls,
And crown'd my Labours with their conſtant Smiles.
In rolling Tides my riſing Fortunes flow,
Beſtowing all that Conqueſt can beſtow.
Rome fears our Arms, and lately felt our Pow'rs,
Compell'd to fly from our *Sicilian* Shores.
Their laſt Defeat ſecures me on the Throne,
And makes this fair and fertile Iſle my own.

Sem. No more, my Lord, think of your Wars with *Rome*,
Strive to ſecure your ſelf from Foes at home.
Your Subjects out of Fear, not Love, obey,
Their down-caſt Looks their Diſcontent betray,
They wiſh a Change, and only wait a day.
Too feeble to revolt, in Peace they dwell,
Till gather'd Strength gives Courage to rebel.

Zo. No, my *Semanthe*, Monarchy is gain'd
With Pain and Toyl; but is with Eaſe maintain'd.

Our Empires are eſtabliſh'd firſt by Force,
Then quiet Government glides on of Courſe.
War, when no more oppos'd by War, will ceaſe,
And ſink, and ſoften, of it ſelf, to Peace.
Full twenty peaceful Years have crown'd our Iſle,
And *Sicily* has ſeen no Civil Broil.
Kings, in the Name of King, their Safety bear,
There's ſomething in the Sound that Subjects fear.
Sem. Could you expect Protection from a Name,
The ſlain *Orontes* might have hop'd the ſame.
All *Sicily* his gentle Sway approv'd,
As Prince, they fear'd him, and as Parent, lov'd.
Till you were made by curſt Ambition blind,
And Luſt of Pow'r debauch'd your gen'rous Mind.
Thrones and Dominions glitter'd in your View,
Then fell the good old King——
And what I grieve for moſt, he fell by you.
Zo. Thrones and Dominions ſtill in Proſpect riſe,
The Neighb'ring Realms allure my dazzl'd Eyes,
Nor will this one of *Sicily* ſuffice.
My Fleets and Armies ſhall inlarge my Sway,
O're-run the Continent, and plow the Sea.
Sardinia, *Cyprus*, *Corſica*, and *Creet*,
Shall lay their conquer'd Scepters at my Feet.
And faſt as they their Royal Crowns reſign,
I'll ſpare them from my Head to place on thine.
Sem. Oh! Rather would you were ſome humble Swain,
And I your homely Conſort on the Plain.
Where in a ſilent and ſerene Retreat,
Our Herds might low, and Lambs around us bleat,
And we lye ſafe from all the Storms of Fate.
Forgive, my much lov'd Lord, my tender Fears,
And, oh! Deſpiſe not theſe Prophetick Tears.
Ah! when you muſt your Life and Empire yield,
Betray'd at Home, or fighting in the Field,
On whom for Succour ſhall your Children call,
And whither ſhall I fly; alas! your Fall
In one ſad Ruine will involve us all.

Zo. I ſtill ſhall in my Darling Son ſurvive,
And ſeem in Warlike *Locris* ſtill alive.
His Arms your Lives and Fortunes will ſuſtain,
His Hands were made for Scepters———,
His Looks for Royalty, his Soul to reign.
Sem. Oh! Never, never ſhall that Darling Son
Poſſeſs the Realms his dreadful Father won.
Poor Child! thy ſad, untimely Death I fear,
And now my woeful Soul foretells it near.
Fate keeps it yet within her teeming Womb,
Till fully ripe, it ſhoots with Vengeance home.
His Doom, alas! is ſeal'd, 'tis paſt, 'tis gone,
And you, ev'n you his Father urge it on.
Remember, and you will not think I rave,
The dreadful Anſwer which the Sybil gave,
When you conſulted the *Cumæan* Cave.
Your Son, the Goddeſs cry'd———
Unmarried, ſhall ſucceſsful Fortune boaſt,
But married, you, or he, or both, are loſt.
Zo. Can any Danger lurk around the Throne,
Where Pow'r ſecur'd by Peace is all our own.
If Heav'n will have his Life, we muſt reſign,
But ſtill may ſave a Grandſon of our Line.
'Tis now we muſt prevent the Spite of Fate,
To make her harmleſs Malice come too late,
He ſhall conſummate with *Orithia* ſtraight.
At once with theirs ſhall *Hymen*'s ſacred Bands
Joyn brave *Malherball*'s and *Cyllene*'s Hands.
Our Subjects Acclamations ring aloud,
And this Deſign has lull'd, and charm'd the Crowd.
The ſighing Virgin ſhall no longer ſtay,
Nor ſhall he ſquander precious Time away,
But be before-hand with his Fate to day.
Sem. What Miſchiefs would your fatal Raſhneſs form?
You, who ſhould ſtrive to lay it, raiſe the Storm.
That Hour you deſtine for his Nuptial Joys,
That Hour, that very Hour your *Locris* dyes.
Locris, unhappy *Locris*, I deplore,
And *Zoilus* his Race is now no more.

Zo. Your Madneſs ceaſe, and my Commands obey,
In ſpight of Fate they ſhall be joyn'd to day.
Women by Dreams to idle Fears are driv'n,
And then believe the Warning ſent from Heav'n.
Expect from thence undoubted Aids to find,
As buſie Gods had nothing elſe to mind:
They made them only at their idle Hours,
To grant their Wants would beggar all their Powers. [*Exit.*

Sem. Here will our diſmal Tragedies begin,
Which theſe unhappy Nuptials uſher in;
My pious Fraud muſt be at laſt reveal'd,
For *Locris* now can lie no more conceal'd.
Her Sex will be by her own ſelf betray'd,
And the deluded Bride embrace a Maid.
Then, when my furious Lord ſhall come to know
That ſhe and I have dar'd to uſe him ſo.
When he, defrauded of his Darling Son,
Finds all his Hopes of Royal Offspring gone,
And no Male Heir to ſettle on the Throne.
He'll keep his ſolemn, execrable Oath,
And wreak his Vengeance with the Death of both.
Oh! *Locris!* born under unhappy Stars;
Why haſt thou ſcap'd the Fury of the Wars!
Why thro' ſo many Dangers haſt thou paſt,
To come and periſh in my Sight at laſt.

Enter Locris.

Lo. I met my Father follow'd by a Crowd,
That ſung ill-boding Songs of Triumph loud.
With Joy he claſp'd me in the publick Way,
And told me this muſt be my Nuptial Day:
The Temple is prepar'd, the Bride is Dreſt
In all the glorious Riches of the Eaſt.
In vain ſhe puts on all her uſeleſs Charms,
There is no Bridegroom for her longing Arms.
Fate makes her a Fantaſtick Fortune prove,
And plagues a Virgin with a Virgins Love.

Sem. Oh,

Sem. Oh, Son !------ My Words will with my Wiſhes run,
Oh ! would to all the Gods you were a Son.
Ah ! Daughter, at thy very Birth betray'd,
Deſtin'd to die, when thou art known a Maid.
Thou yet haſt been preſerv'd, bred up to wield
The Shining Sword, to lift the pondrous Shield,
And act the fearleſs Hero in the Field.
Heav'n has been kind, and help'd you in your part,
And gave you, tho' a Maid, a Manly Heart:
But how, alas ! ye Gods, inſtruct me how
Shall we continue our Impoſtor now ?
Tho' your deluded Sire ſhould never know
Your Sex ; we cannot cheat *Orythia* ſo.
From her ſtrict Search the Fraud we cannot hide,
Nor e're appeaſe the diſappointed Bride.

Lo. Oft have I ſeen you tremble to relate
The ſtrange fantaſtick Malice of my Fate ;
Thro' what wild Maze I've been already led,
And what yet wilder I have left to tread.
My careful Sire the longing Bride prepares,
And I his Daughter muſt beget him Heirs.
What will ye do with me, ye Powers Divine !
Say, is it not with Reaſon I repine,
Since no Maid's Fate was e're perplex'd as mine.
To ſhun my threatned Death conceal'd I lie ;
But always fearing Death, do more than die.

Sem. Heaven ! in theſe Realms let Deſolation reign,
Let Fire and Sword eternal War maintain,
They cannot form a more diſtracting Scene.
Now, treacherouſly thy Stars decece thy Doom ;
A Wife thy Bane, the Bridal Bed thy Tomb.
Furies will hold the Torches round your Head,
And Fate officiate there in Hymen's ſtead.
For Joys unknown you ſhall reſign your Life ;
And ſhe no Husband have, and you no Wife :
The Bride her Diſappointment will perplex ;
But when your Father comes to know your Sex,
When he ſhall find his mighty Projects croſt,
And his fair Proſpect in your Manhood loſt,

Grief

Grief and Deſpight will work him to Deſpair,
His barb'rous Hands will his own Bowels tear,
No more a Father he, nor thou an Heir.

Lo. Nor will our Subjects on our ſide engage,
No pious Hand protect us from his Rage,
With Joy they'll ſee him of his Hopes bereft,
Glad that the Tyrant has no Offspring left.
During his Life, they muſt thro' Force obey,
But when at laſt Fate ſnatches that away,
His Houſe no longer ſhall poſſeſs the Sway.
To the right Heir we muſt the Crown reſign,
For ever torn from *Zoilus* his Line.

Sem. Oh! Curſe on all Ambition, Curſe on Thrones,
And Curſe on thoſe raſh Hands that graſp at Crowns.
The Storms that now ſo loud around us blow,
Had not been heard, had we continu'd low.
Jove's Maſſy Bolts the Mountain's Top aſſail,
Vaſt Hills are drown'd in Snow, and daſh'd by Hail,
The Swain enjoys a ſweet and ſunny Vale.
Would my dread Lord had n'ere aſpir'd to reign,
Would the Retreat we left were ours again.
Where Life's unſully'd Sweets were all our own,
And we liv'd beſt, becauſe we liv'd unknown.

Lo. Diſtracted Tyranny is ſuch a Curſe,
Nought but my deſtin'd Nuptials could be worſe.
Married, we live in greater Plagues and Pain,
Clog'd with more Cares than Monarchs when they reign.
Enjoyment ſweetens ſome few Hours of Life,
But Hours of Pleaſure to an Age of Strife,
They too are loſt, where Maids are Man and Wife.
Like *Danaus* his Sons I mount the Bed,
Tho' juſtlier ſlain by the deluded Maid.

Sem. Hark, how they ſhout, hark, how the Trumpets ſound,
While vaulted Fanes, and ecchoing Hills rebound [*Trumpets*
Gods! How their Clamours make my Brain turn round. *ſound.*
The King and Prieſts in long Proceſſion go,
Little, ah! little, wretched Prince, you know
That way will lead you to Eternal Woe.

Hark,

Hark, now again their ominous Voices riſe,
And now again are eccho'd from the Shies.
Like *Niobe*, I'll go, and make my Moan,
And ſtanding on ſome barren Cliff alone,
Grow dry with Grief, and ſtiffen into Stone.

Manet Locris.

Lo. My Spirits pant apace, my throbbing Breath
Comes ſhort, my Eye-lids ſeem to ſwim in Death.
Fear, tho' a Woman, I could never know,
And yet there's ſomething makes me tremble now.
In ſuch ſad Accents was my Story told,
Her Eyes with ſuch Prophetick Fury roll'd,
Fate muſt this day ſome Tragedy deſign,
And not to have it her's, I wiſh it mine.
Ha! What is this I hear, ſome new Alarms. [*Drums and Trumpets.*
Whatever Fate decrees this Muſick charms,
For next to living is to dye in Arms.

Enter Zoilus.

Zo. Arm, *Locris*, arm, like a tempeſtuous Main,
War in full Tides comes rolling on again.
Their broad ſpread Sails the *Roman* Fleet diſplays,
And their proud Eagles hover on our Seas.
My falſe *Sicilians* with the Foe combine,
All on a ſudden in Rebellion joyn,
And nothing now but *Syracuſe* is mine.
Dejected *Hymen* at the News withdrew,
And murmur'd out in Sighs a ſad Adieu.
Mars, in his ſtead, comes formidably down,
And aws our Iſland with his dreadful Frown,
While his arm'd Legions compaſs all our Town.
Lo. Here let us then, in this our laſt Retreat,
Reſiſt the Shock, and grapple with our Fate.
True Courage in Diſtreſs is wont to ſoar,
And we have been reduc'd as low before.

To

To me thoſe well-known Sounds of War are Charms,
More than Love-murmurs in a Maiden's Arms.
My daring Soul, the duſty Fields Delight,
Beyond the Dalliance of a Bridal Night.
This our laſt Stake againſt all theirs we lay,
Throw boldly; if we win the dreadful Day,
Their Fortunes are for ever caſt away.

Zo. In the mean time ſhall faithful *Archias* fly,
With all his Speed to *Carthage* for Supply.
Not far from hence their Fleet at Anchor rides;
'Twill reach us here in ſome revolving Tides:
Till then, my Son, go ſeek your *Tyrian* Friend,
On him and you my preſent Hopes depend.
Let Blood and Battle wear their uglieſt Form,
By all the Gods we'll face the gathering Storm.

Enter Semanthe *and Women.*

What! Art thou here? Thou dire Preſage! Thou Wife!
Bane of brave Thoughts, Plague every way of Life.
Thou com'ſt to ſteal away this Youth's Renown,
And with thy Tears to melt his Manhood down:
Like other Fools, thou wou'dſt thy Offspring ſave,
Still wiſh him living, tho' he lives a Slave.
Sorcereſs, he ſhall to War; Avaunt, begone;
Come, follow me to Arms, to Arms, my Son. [*Exit.*

Sem. So Tyrant, may'ſt thou ſtill miſtake my Sence;
I'll ſend him thither, not detain him thence:
Tho' in the Battle he may meet his Fate;
My Fears are eaſier than they were of late.
There harmleſs Darts may ſing around his Head,
But had War ſtay'd, till he was forc'd to wed,
He muſt have periſh'd in the Bridal Bed.
Now, by my dawning Hopes, no Servile Fear
Dwells in my Soul, but all is calm and clear.
Sound all the Trumpets there, beat all the Drums,
Not only *Locris*, but *Semanthe* comes.
I'll graſp a Sword, and to the Battle fly,
With *Locris* conquer, or with *Locris* dye.

Follow her ſtill, where Fame and Danger call,
Share in her Triumph, or partake her Fall.
Lo. My Fate has wrought me up, to let me go,
With double Rage, and Vengeanee on the Foe.
The vanquiſh'd Rebels ſhall be tam'd again,
And *Romans* run before me thro' the Plain:
In my vaſt Soul I feel Ambition riſe,
Within my Reach immortal Honour flies,
And Greatneſs dawns about my raviſh'd Eyes.
Sem. Ten thouſand Gods my darling Heroine Sheild,
And all the Pow'rs of Heaven———
Guard, and preſerve thee in the Bloody Feild.
Men ought not to condemn the marry'd Life,
But leave that Task to the loſt thing, a Wife.
Our Husbands of themſelves ſufficient Curſe,
Load us with Children, that enſlave us worſe;
Our Fears for them create our conſtant Pain,
And hourly rack the reſtleſs Mother's Brain.
And yet our Love encreaſes with our Care,
We doat upon them for the Pains we Bear.
Heav'en! if ſome ſuddain Vengeance you decree;
Oh! ſee me here your Mark, ſhow'r all on me. [*Kneeling.*
Spare my poor *Locris*, when you hurl it down,
And drive it on my deſtin'd Head alone. [*Riſes and Exit.*

Enter Maherball.

Ma. War ſmoaks, my Friend, along the duſty Plain,
And *Sicily* is ſtill the Noble Scene.
From *Rome's* Imperial Fleet whole Legions pour,
While ratling Drums like high-wrought Oceans roar.
Around our Shores their Ecchoing Trumpets ſound,
Their prancing Courſers toſs their Foam around,
And beat with reſtleſs Hoofs the burthen'd Ground.
Bellona woes us now with all her Charms,
And calls her favorite *Locris* forth to Arms.
The Claſh and Din of War your Soul delight,
And you love Glory gain'd in open Fight,
More than the ſecret Pleaſures of the Night.

By Heav'n, I ſwear, when *Hymen*'s ſacred Tye
Was broke abruptly off; a ſuddain Joy
Sprung in my Soul, and yet I knew not why.
Lo. My Thoughts no other End but Fame purſue,
To fight, to conquer, or to dye with you.
Young as I am, I love a glorious Field,
More than the Bliſs my charming Bride could yeild.
Thou art the Center where my Wiſhes joyn,
My Fame, my Friendſhip, and my Soul is thine.
Your very Sight tranſports me, for I ſee
My Champion and my Genius move in thee.
Ma. I love you with a Fondneſs far above
All that was ever known in Woman's love.
My Friend —— Oh! whither would my Tranſport tend?
Can I ſay more than what I ſay? my Friend!
Something there is beyond that very Name,
Something that ſets my Spirits in a Flame,
I wiſh I were a Maid of Form divine,
To make your Soul and Body ever mine.
Rather I wiſh that you, dear Youth, could be
That charming Maid to be belov'd by me.
Friendſhip alone to wond'rous Heights may ſoar,
The change of one of us would make it more.
Lo. Thoſe Metamorphoſes, alas! are paſt,
Could Wiſhes do, mine ſhould not be the laſt.
But from our Theme our Thoughts are wander'd far,
We talk of Love, when we were bent for War.
And yet your Words ſuch tender Paſſion move,
That I could ever talk with you of Love.
Ma. Had not your Arms eſtabliſh'd your Renown,
Were not your vaſt Exploits and Valour known,
By thoſe ſweet Looks, that charming Face betray'd,
My ſight would all my other Sence invade,
And make me think you, what I wiſh, a Maid.
Oft have I entertain'd that pleaſing Thought,
Till my Miſtake your manly Actions taught,
And ſpight of them deſtroy'd the hopes I ſought.

Lo.

Lo. Were I that Maid, already ſo intire
My Love is grown, it never could aſpire,
To a more Sacred or Cœleſtial Fire.
My Friendſhip has attain'd to that Exceſs,
Fond as ſhe is, my Siſter loves you leſs.
But hark, th' Embattel'd Foe prepar'd to fight,
And ſee the Sun loth to behold the Sight,
Sends out a faint and an imperfect Light.
Both Armies March apace to ſtand, or fall;
And thund'ring Shouts are the fierce Soldiers Call.
Trumpets and Drums ſummon their Chiefs away,
Who want *Maherball* to begin the Day.

Ma. Then farewell Love, leave all thoſe empty Joys,
To longing Maids, and to deluded Boys.
Believe me, Youth, who know what Women are,
The Sex was never worth a Soldier's Care.
Hard to be won, inconſtant when obtain'd,
Like new forc'd Towns, loſt with more Eaſe than gain'd.
The fooliſh Bridegroom makes the Nuptial Feaſt,
But he that gives the Banquet ſhares the leaſt.
Safe in that State, to worſt Extreams they fall,
They wed but one, their Wiſhes are for all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. Scene, *A City Beſieg'd.*

Enter Zoilus, *Meſſenger*; Zoilus *with a Letter in his hand.*

Zo. IS this the Account, and this the News you bring?
Has faithleſs *Archias* too betray'd his King?
Fate ſhews her barefac'd Malice here too much,
For all are Traytors now; dye thou as ſuch. [*Kills him.*
Bury thy Tidings with thee in thy Death,
Thou ſhould'ſt have made a better uſe of Breath.
Againſt all Heaven and Earth, and Hell I ſtrive,
Rebellion only ſicken'd to revive,
The lawful Prince, ye Gods! is now alive.

Where has he ſlept theſe twenty Winters paſt?
Thought dead by all, and yet he lives at laſt.
Here, my falſe Slave would ſooth me to reſign,
And in the Prince's Name, ye Powers Divine!
Preſumes to pardon in an other Line;
He menaces, and counſels in the next,
And here, and here 'tis more and more perplext.
Rot his curſt Hand, avenging Thunder fall
On all their Heads——
And tear, and rend them, like this Paper, all.

Enter Semanthe.

Sem. What ſudden Rage is this, what new Deſpair?
Why lyes, alas! that murther'd Soldier there?
Look on his Fate, and learn to dread your own,
For now long-ſuffering Heav'n begins to frown.
A Thouſand Meteors threaten from the Skies,
On Earth a Thouſand dreadful Phantoms riſe.
Nought of the whole Creation is at Peace,
Earthquakes the Land, and Tempeſts toſs the Seas.
Broad Sheets of Flame from *Ætna*'s Mouth are thrown,
And Cataracts of Fire fall roaring down.
Thro' ſmoaking Plains, they burn their rapid way,
And mix their boyling Surges with the Sea.
A Voice in open Air is heard to roar,
Tyrants and Tyranny are now no more.

Zo. Let it roar on, why tell you me of Storms,
Of Flaming Mountains, and Ætherial Forms?
Nor troubl'd Ocean, nor tempeſtuous Air,
Nor burſt of Thunder ſhould a Monarch fear.
Were Heav'n and Earth in wild Confuſion hurl'd,
Should the raſh Gods unhinge the rolling World,
Undaunted would I tread the tott'ring Ball,
Cruſh'd, but unconquer'd, in the dreadful Fall.

Sem. Why then was all that deſp'rate Fury, why
By your own Hands did this *Sicilian* dye?
What makes your Blood afreſh in Flûſhes riſe,
Why ſparkles all that Vengeance in your Eyes?

Zo. He told me things, *Semanthe*, might have made
Another Soul both anxious and afraid.
He talk'd of *Archias*, to the Rebels fled,
And young *Araxes* riſen from the dead.
This wrought my Rage, but wrought at once Diſdain,
In vain, young Prince, you come and arm in vain,
While this is in my Hand, 'tis I that reign.

Sem. What diſmal Scenes of Fate and Death are here;
How dreadful does that Hand, thoſe Looks appear?
That fatal Sword ſhall find a purple Flood,
And *Sicily* ſhall be the Scene of Blood.
O whither ſhall I fly to ſhun the Sight?
Would I were wrapt in Everlaſting Night.
Would I were lock'd within my ſilent Tomb,
Or thrown in *Ætna*'s ſuffocating Womb,
Unknowing of the Woes———
That threaten from behind, and crowd to come.

Zo. Fly where thou wilt, fly to *Araxes*—— do,
Act like a Wife, do thou betray me too.
Fly from me with thy Train of ſervile Fears,
Thy Conſcieuce, thy Eternal Tongue and Tears.
From my domeſtick Torment ſet me free,
And ſend ev'n Death it ſelf inſtead of thee.

Sem. Thus then commanded from thy Sight I go,
And leave thee to thy ſelf, thy greateſt Foe.
Yet not to Rebels, nor to *Rome* I fly,
But to thoſe ſacred Pow'rs which you defie,
And at their Shrines I'll ſtudy how to dye.
My Pray'rs ſhall hourly be to Heaven addreſt,
Heav'n, ſtill our laſt try'd Friend, but ſtill our beſt.
For all my Crimes I have but once been curſt,
Then, then, thou Tyrant when we marry'd firſt. [*Exit.*

Zo. From thence I date my Woes, of that repent,
There, Mis'ries never leſſen, but augment.
In vain with life-long Trouble we contend,
Where Women are concern'd, it cannot end.
On them we laviſh our unhappy Life,
The Miſtreſs plagues us firſt, and then the Wife. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Locris *alone.*

Lo. What an odd Fortune muſt I hourly prove,
A Woman ſtill preſt with a Woman's Love;
Narciſſus like, the Love-ſick Nymph betray'd,
Purſues, and woes her own deceitful Shade;
She Follows that in following of a Maid.
She haunts me like a Ghoſt where-e'r I ſee,
As I *Maherball* chace, ſhe chaces me.
She courts me for the Bliſs I cannot grant,
Seeks what I ſeek, and covets what I want.
Her Diſappointment on her Wedding-day
Do's all th' impatient, longing Bride betray,
Torn with Deſire, and raging at Delay.

Enter Orythia.

Ory. Is this, is this, ye Gods! my promis'd Bliſs,
And am I dreſt in Nuptial Robes for this?
Thoſe Trumpets call you hence, my Warlike Dear,
From theſe fond Arms, too weak to hold you here.
To Wounds, to Battle, and to Death you flee,
And for the Breath of Fame abandon me.
Speak every Voice of War, ſtrike ev'ry Drum,
If I have any Charms, he ſhall not come.
Thus while I claſp you in ſo cloſe a Fold,
You ſhall not let *Bellona* break my hold.

Lo. Think not I go for want of Love away,
But Honour calls me, and I muſt obey.
Her rigid Laws now force me from your Arms,
And ſummon me to War with freſh Alarms.
New Glory in the duſty Field I'll meet,
And lay new Trophies at your lovely Feet.
At my return you ſhall new Triumphs ſee,
New pompous Arches ſhall erected be,
All dedicated to my Love and thee.

Ory. But what if you ſhould in the Battle fall,
What then becomes of me, of Love and all?

The

The Clash of Arms, the Cries of Men begin;
Now draws the Scene of Death ——
And on all hands rush desp'rate Actors in.
I see the bloody Bus'ness from afar,
I see you madly spur amidst the War.
Now Death appears in all its hideous Forms,
And lops off lofty Heads, and lifted Arms.
Sharp Spears and shivering Launces fly around,
Wounds wait on Blows, and Fate on every Wound,
Men's Blood and Horse's Foam besmear the Ground.
Here the tall Youth lye breathless on the Plain,
There fights my *Locris*, and bestrides the slain.
Yonder agast our routed Army flies,
There, weltring in his Blood, your Father lyes,
And there, o'rewhelm'd with Numbers, *Locris* dyes.

Lo. Stop those tempestuous Sighs, those silver Tears,
And banish from your Breast your groundless Fears.
Heav'n has not been at this Expence and Cost,
To save till now, and let me now be lost!
The same kind Genius all my Steps attends,
Heav'n is the same, and the same Gods our Friends.
And what will most your anxious Cares remove,
The same my Passion is, the same my Love.

Ory. Faintly methinks that Passion you express,
Ev'n when you ought to show it to Excess.
Lovers, when parting, should confess their Pains,
And to Despair and Anguish loose the Reins.
Improve their Time, and all their Flames exert,
And swell their Eyes with Tears, with Sighs their Heart.
But unconcern'd you seem, and look unmov'd,
You look, alas! as if you never lov'd.
In your calm Cheeks no strugling Blushes rise,
No Love, no Passion lightens at your Eyes.
No mantling Blood runs flushing thro' your Face,
No murm'ring Whispers warm your cold Embrace.
Nor do you with a Lover's Awe approach,
Nor heave, nor pant, nor tremble at my Touch.
No wish'd for Signs of fierce Desire I see,
You do not, no, you do not love like me.

Lo.

Lo. What ſhall I ſay to make you think me true,
By Heav'n, I never lov'd a Maid like you.
You reign ſole Miſtreſs of my faithful Heart,
No other Fair can claim the ſmalleſt Part.
Go then, my Love, with this Aſſurance go;
Leave me to meet, and overcome the Foe.
Their Drums and Trumpets dare us to the Fight,
And high-wav'd Swords to bloody Fields invite.
The furious King chafes for his loyt'ring Son,
While Shouts of rang'd Battalions urge him on,
All like grip'd Thunder ſtrugling to be gone.
Go, my *Orythia*, and no longer pine,
But one ſhort Hour, I ſhall again be thine.
Go ſomewhere, whence you may my Actions view,
And bleſs the Sword and Arm that ſtrike for you.

Ory. Save him, kind Heav'n! ſome God his Guardian be,
Take care, dear Youth! in your own ſelf, of me.
Give me another, and another Sight
Of that dear Face in which my Eyes delight,
'Ere thou art loſt in Everlaſting Night.
Let me embrace thee thus, thus fold thee faſt,
Take this laſt Kiſs, and now another laſt.
With Fear and Hope I ſtand by turns poſſeſt,
That tears and rends, this lulls and ſooths my Breaſt,
And flatters my tumultuous Soul to Reſt.
My various Thoughts a Thouſand Phantoms frame,
One while the conqu'ring Foes your Fall proclaim,
Then ſhifting Fancy ſhews propitious Scenes,
And I'o, *Locris*, ecchoes through the Plains,
I'o, my *Locris* conquers, lives and reigns. [*Exit.*

Locris *alone.*

Lo. Was ever Paſſion wrought to this Exceſs,
And yet, ye conſcious Gods! mine is not leſs.
Her's will be cur'd as ſoon as I am known,
But how? kind Heav'n! how ſhall I cure my own.
I love a Man, from whom I hide my Fires,
And with my Sex conceal my fond Deſires.

A Man, a Stranger, whom no Kindred claim,
Of Parentage obſcure, tho' known to Fame.
Yet in his Eyes ſuch Sparks of greatneſs rowl,
So charming is his Mien, ſo vaſt his Soul.
Such Glories in his awful Aſpect ſhine,
He cannot come from an ignoble Line.
He wants a Crown, but ſhall *Maherball* want,
When that, in time, will be in me to grant?
He beſt can Guard it with his conquering Sword,
And he ſhall be mine, and my Empire's Lord. [*going.*

Enter Cyllene.

Cyl. Turn, Brother, loſt *Cyllene* begs you turn,
For ſhe will hold you, till you hear her mourn:
You were the firſt occaſion of my Pain,
And you muſt help me to my Peace again.
Why did you bring that Stranger to our Court?
Why have the Gods ordain'd me for his Sport?
He knows in what a raging Flame I burn,
He knows my Love, but makes me no Return.
Your Breath, your Praiſe firſt kindled up my Fire,
Speak to him then, tell all my fierce Deſire:
So wild my Paſſion is, my Pain is ſuch;
Tell all that Poets feign, you cannot tell too much.
Lo. What can the Gods at laſt by this deſign?
Theirs is the Sport, the Plague, and Pain is mine.
Methinks, in ſome enchanted Round we move,
Loſt, and bewilder'd in the Maze of Love.
She begs me here to make her Paſſion known
To the dear Youth from whom I hide my own.
Your Story Siſter, will become you beſt, [*To her.*
Love ſtill ſhould be, by thoſe in Love, confeſt.
Of all Mankind I ſhall not do you right,
Nor repreſent your Longings at their height.
I could not for my ſelf *Orythia* wooe,
But left that part for *Zoilus* to do;
How can you think I ſhould prevail for you?
Cyl. Already have I told him all I bore,

And now if poſſible, I'll tell him more:
I'll ſeize him as he mounts his foaming Horſe,
And with theſe Hands ſtop his impetuous Courſe.
Spight of the Voice of War I will be heard,
And e're he goes, he muſt my Voice regard;
Nor ſhall he from my cloſe Embrace be free,
Nor move to Conqueſt, till he yields to me.
Lo. Hark, I am ſummon'd by the embattled Foe,
But take this friendly Council e're I go.
Men ſlight the Love-ſick Fool that tells her Pain,
As much as Women ſlight the whining Swain:
If you deſign to fix them, uſe them ill,
Still would you have them follow, fly them ſtill.
No favour grant, comply with no requeſt,
Still put them off, if you would ſtill be preſt.
What beauty Conquer'd, let your Pride maintain,
To raiſe Deſire, receive them with diſdain,
Bid them begone, to make them come again.
Let not their ſighs or Tears your pity move,
Be ſure you you let them not betray your Love:
Your Charm is at an end, when that is found,
And they for ever fly the Fairy Ground. [*Exit.*

Manet Cyllena.

Cyl. Too well, alas! the Truth of this I ſee;
But who can be ſo wiſe, and love like me!
Already has my Tongue my Pain confeſt,
And what I once have told———
Can never more lye buried in my Breaſt.
I've reach'd the middle Sea to ſhun a Wreck;
'Tis better vent'ring thro', than ſayling back.
I cannot hazard more; 'tis then decreed,
Spight of my firſt Repulſe, I will proceed.
Heaven! now he comes; and at his awful Sight,
My raging Flames ſtill reach a greater Height;
Apace my Breath now ſallies, now returns,
Apace my Spirits pant, my Boſom burns,

My

My Pride apace before my Paſſion flies,
Wiſhes in Sighs, and Flames in Bluſhes riſe,
Love dawns, and darts its Rays around my dazzl'd Eyes.

Enter Maherball, *giving Orders to his Soldiers as he enters, which aſſoon as receiv'd, they retire.*

Ma. You to the Walls, the Ram's Aſſault repair,
You, to your Tow'r, and take your ſtation there.
The *Roman* Army ſhews a noble Form,
And marches boldly to begin the Storm.
Stones, huge as Rocks, from batt'ring Engines fly,
Firſt ſeem to ſtrike, then tumble from the Sky,
And Men, as Thunder-ſtruck, drop down and dye.
Why, Madam, do you ſtand unguarded here,
Where Deſtiny crouds on, and come ſo near.
Why thus expos'd before your Palace-gate?
Why, bare of Shelter will you brave your Fate?
When Groans around of either Sex are heard,
And Death's rude Hand gives Beauty no Regard.

Cyll. Why ſhould *Maherball* ask, who knows her Flame?
Knows too the Reaſon why *Cyllene* came.
I came the paſſing Pomp of War to view,
To bid my Father, and my Friends adieu,
I came to ſee, and take my Leave of you.
Love drew me forth, which makes a Woman dare,
As much as Heroes in their hotteſt War.
No greater Harms have I to fear, who feel
Worſe Wounds than e're were giv'n——
By poyſon'd Arrows, or by pointed Steel.
Think that I feel more than I can expreſs,
And ſave a Virgin's Shame——
And ſave her Words, which make her Paſſion leſs.

Ma. What ſhall I think; or why ſhould you reveal
Wounds which *Maherball* has not Power to heal?
Love only is imaginary Pain——
Reaſon and Thought will make you well again.
From an ungrateful Man recall your Heart,
And let your conſcious Beauty take your Part.

Tho' in the Pride and Bloom of Nature born,
A Thouſand Heavenly Charms your Face adorn,
And you look lovely, as the bluſhing Morn.
No Looks can pierce my Breaſt, no Charms can move,
You cannot conquer, for I cannot love.

Cyll. Why are you then of that Cœleſtial Frame,
Which ſets all wondring Woman-kind on Flame.
Why are your Looks and Actions ſo Divine,
Why to your Charms muſt I my Soul reſign,
And you remain unmov'd, untouch'd by mine.
Why from your Eyes ſhould Beams of Beauty flow,
To ſcorch my Breaſt, while yours is cold as Snow?
Why ſhould you not the Love you raiſe return,
Why ſhould you freeze, while you make others burn?

Ma. Blame not me, fair *Cyllene*, but my Fate,
That form'd me free from Paſſions, Love or Hate.
No warm Deſires ruffle my peaceful Blood,
Which flows as ſmoothly as a Summer's Flood,
Nor can I work a Tempeſt, if I wou'd.
Nothing but War can move me with Delight,
A duſty Field, and well diſputed Fight
Raiſes my raviſh'd Spirits to their Height.
Hark, when I hear ſuch charming Notes as thoſe, [*Trumpets.*
Shrill Trumpets, ratling Drums, and ſhouting Foes,
My Heart leaps up with Joy, my Blood around
Circles, with ſhrilling Pleaſure at the Sound,
And I bound lightly o're the unbeaten Ground.

Cyll. Stay but a while, till yonder Squadrons move,
I'll hold you faſt with all the Force of Love.
They march not yet, you ſhall, you ſhall be gone,
E're the firſt Brunt of Battle calls you on.
Nay, I'll go with you too, your Steps attend,
Or in my ſtead at leaſt my Wiſhes ſend.
Vows after Vows for your Deliverance make,
And bribe all Heaven for my *Maherball*'s ſake.
Theſe Eyes ſhall watch you ſtill amdſt the Foe,
This Heart ſhall follow you where're you go,
And when they ſtrike at you ——
I'll ſtretch theſe Arms abroad to catch the Blow.

Ma. My Soul was form'd fierce, and averſe to Love,
And yet bear Witneſs, all you Pow'rs above,
How much theſe ſoft Endearments melt and move.
You've made my haughty, ſtrugling Temper fall,
Lower than ever any other ſhall.
Here ſtop your Conqueſt, where it firſt began,
For you have conquer'd all that Woman can.
Would you could drive your Paſſion to an end,
Or would you were a Man to make a Friend.

Cyll. Would I were *Locris*, would I could purſue,
The Chace of Glory to the Goal with you.
Would that theſe Hands the Maſſy Spear could wield,
Would that theſe Legs could bear me to the Field.
Would I could dart the Javelin from afar,
And ſpur my thund'ring Courſer thro' the War.
Oh! would I were ſome wond'rous Man to do
What'ere Man did, or more than Man for you.
Your Harms and Hazards in your ſtead I'de meet,
Dye with your Wounds contented at your Feet.

Ma. Then ſhould we never part, but ſide by ſide,
Thro' broken Ranks in batter'd Armour ride.
Urge on our foaming Horſes o're the ſlain,
And pant with noble Toyl along the Plain.
Our chief Concern ſhould for each other be,
I guarding you, and you defending me.
Shielding from either's Head the falling Blow,
So ſhould we live,——*Locris* and I live ſo.
But ſince the Gods have giv'n you other Charms,
Not meant for rugged War, or rough Alarms,
But melting Love in ſome young Monarch's Arms.
No longer at indulgent Heav'n repine,
Nor ſtrive againſt the Bliſs your Stars deſign,
Which deſtine you for worthier Arms than mine.

Cyll. Our Sex ſhould never be the firſt to wooe,
The Caſe is diff'rent here 'twixt me and you.
Has not my Father promis'd you my Bed?
And ought not I to love the Man I wed?

Ma. To me the Gods that Priv'ledge have deny'd,
Nor dare I, till they bid, receive a Bride.

Suſpect not this a ſlight of proffer'd Love,
But ſecret Pleaſure of the Powr's above.
Cyll. In vain is all thoſe trifling Pow'rs Decree,
If I muſt ever be depriv'd of thee.
Down then the ſtrugling Woman in my Breaſt,
I'll forfeit Modeſty to purchaſe Reſt.
My Paſſions drive me like the raging Wind,
And Love and Pride raiſe Tempeſts in my Mind.
Honour, Diſcretion, Reaſon, Senſe unite,
Diſdain, and kindling Shame, and burning Spight
Mix all at once in the tumultuous Fight.
All lab'ring to prevail, oppreſs my Life,
And undecided leave the doubtful Strife. [*Swoons.*
Ma. Riſe, wretched Princeſs! while I yet have Breath,
To bid you riſe; for I ſhall bluſh to Death.
Riſe, I conjure you, e're I'm forc'd to part,
Ha! By the Gods, ſhe's colder than my Heart.
Who waits, *Orythia*, *Julia*, here, take Care
Of this too paſſionate, unhappy Fair. [*Enter* Julia.
See, ſhe revives, I dare not longer ſtay,
But for our mutual Eaſe muſt haſte away.
And now, the Trumpets ſound their laſt Allarms, [*Drums,*
And now, the ready Soldier ſtarts to Arms. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how the Gates on brazen Hinges jar,
While eager Troops bolt forward from afar,
O'rerun the Plain, and plunge amidſt the War. [*Exit.*

Cyllene *recovering and riſing.*

What? Is he fled, but whither ſhall I flee?
Oh! 'tis no Matter what becomes of me.
Was I ſo mean to condeſcend to ſue?
And could a Woman, could a Princeſs wooe?
What Paſſion mixt with what Deſpight I feel?
Was I ſo ſlaviſh, tell me, did I kneel?
O it was time to ſwoon, to burn, to bleed,
To grow diſtracted after ſuch a Deed.
Twixt Love and Shame no Peace will e're be had,
Till Life is worn away,——
Or till my rolling Brain at laſt runs mad.

ACT III. Scene, *The City*: *An Alarm.*

Enter Soldiers driving in Archias, Maherball *following.*

Ma. OFF, ye vile Slaves, from this ignoble ſtrife,
Dare ſuch as you attempt a Gen'ral's Life. [*Sold. Ex.*
Yield *Archias*; 'tis in vain to fight or fly,
Yield to your Friend who would not ſee you dye.
What haſt thou, good old Souldier, blindly done?
Why forc'd the Fate, which now thou canſt not ſhun?
How has thy Loyalty been thus miſled,
Why haſt thou pull'd this Ruine on thy head?

Arch. Rather, what haſt thou done, and why, why draws
The brave *Maherball* in ſo bad a Cauſe?
I taught thy Infant-fingers firſt to fight,
But never to maintain a Tyrant's Right.
No other Father but my ſelf you know,
And will you fight againſt that Father now?
On your own Head a double Guilt you bring,
Warring againſt a Father and a King.

Ma. 'Tis true, my other Parents are unknown,
You have a Parent been; but not my own.
The King I ſerve firſt rais'd me up to Power,
I owe you much, but owe my Soveraign more.
Nor would I for his Crown his Cauſe decline,
But *Zoilus* ſhall reign, while this is mine. [*Sword.*

Arch. Raſh Youth ſtill hurry headlong on their Fate,
Still go too far, and ſtill repent too late.
You tread as on ſome Wave-beat Mountain's Neck,
Ready to fall, and I would ſave your Wreck.
But vain Young Men ſtill laugh, when old adviſe,
Think us the Fools, themſelves alone the wiſe.

Ma. Accuſe me not of that; your Words, you know,
Have been as Oracles to me till now:
No more for my far diſtant Dangers moan,
Mind not my Safety, but conſult your own.

Arch.

Arch. Would that were all; bleſt ſhould this old Man be,
Were there not greater Ills in ſtore for thee.
You do not know your ſelf, theſe Hands did rear,
Your Childhood, brought you up to what you are.
Due Filial Rev'rence to my Age you bore,
You call'd me Father, for you knew no more.
Would I had never known———
Ma. Nay, ſpeak ——Go on,
Speak to me as a Father, call me Son.
Unload you ſelf of half your anxious Grief,
And by dividing Woes, receive Relief.
Arch. My Care at firſt preſerv'd your Infant Breath,
And ſince diverted oft your threaten'd Death.
Thou haſt not ſure forgot what Charge I gave,
And what Precautions I preſcrib'd to ſave
Your much lov'd Life from the relentleſs Grave.
Ma. I know you've often warn'd me not to Wed,
But ſhun, like Deſtiny, the nuptial Bed;
Bid me beware the Syren Woman's Charms,
But cheifly fly the fair *Cyllene*'s Arms.
Arch. Fly from her Father too, there ſhun your Doom,
Shun him, and ſhun a thouſand Ills to come.
That way the Malice of your Stars defeat,
The Secret is not ripe for telling yet.
O I could mention things would make you ſtart;
Parch up your vital Blood, and tear your Heart.
But 'tis not yet a time for me to dare
To truſt your Youth to its own ſelf ſo far.
Why ſhould I mention Ills I cannot cure,
And your Humanity would not endure?
Ma. No, I will have them from the loweſt Hell,
For I dare hear what ev'n the Fiends dare tell.
Not the wild Rage of a rebellious Town,
Not a wrong'd Tyrant's unrelenting Frown;
Not Hills of Sand blown 'ore the *Lybian* Plain,
Nor Tempeſts toſſing the *Sicilian* Main,
Not tott'ring Earth from its Foundations driv'n,
Nor headlong fall of the fix'd Stars of Heav'n,

Not

Not Balls of Thunder, flaming as they roll,
Nor Lightning flashing fast from Poke to Pole
Can shock a well resolv'd, Heroick Soul.
Arch. The pointed Hour was not arriv'd before,
And now 'tis past, and can be found no more.
The Tyrant comes with an impetuous pace,
Rage in his Motion, Vengeance in his Face:
If to prolong my Life my Wish incline,
'Tis but to tell thee how to lengthen thine.
Ma. I'll stand 'twixt Thee and Death, my Power is great;
And I'll employ it to prolong thy date:
Thus be my Natural Affection shown,
Be thou my Father till I know my own.

Drums, Trumpets; Enter Zoilus *victorious*, Locris, *Soldiers.*

Zo. Fortune and Fate are mine, my Arms are crown'd
Where er'e my Streamers wave, or Trumpets sound:
No more rebellious Troops their Standards rear,
No more the *Roman* Eagles tow'r in Air:
Let to the Gods our publick Thanks be giv'n,
And Incense smoak thro' all the Round of Heav'n.
By Heav'n; my Rebels now shall feel my Rage,
But cheifly this, had he old *Nestor*'s Age.
Speak, Venerable Traytor——tell me——say,
Where has *Araxes* been this dreadful day?
I made his Name thro' every Squadron ring,
I challeng'd him to meet and fight a King.
Speak! Did he perish in the first Alarms?
Or does he live, and durst not meet my Arms?
Arch. Long may he live; and all his Foes survive;
I left him last unwounded, and alive.
Not but he fought, thro' the whole Battle ran,
Mov'd like a God, performing more than Man.
Your bravest Men of War declin'd the Strife,
And no *Sicilian* durst attempt his Life.
Zo. Dar'st thou speak this, old Detard——
Arch. King, I dare——
I'm now so old Life was not worth my care,

Whether I periſh'd in the fierce Diſpute,
Fell by your rage, or dropt like ripen'd fruit.
Zo. Yet I'll be calm, for I have power at laſt,
To puniſh, after all my Queſtions paſt:
Where is your Prince? all that you know reveal,
Tell your whole Plot, not the leaſt part conceal;
The Secret of your ſudden Flight unfold,
'Tis a King asks; a King that will be told.
Arch. Let me be dumb for ever; let the Tomb
Gape wide, ſwallow me quick, and keep me dumb.
Leſt Whips, Racks, Dungeons, Tortures ſhould prevail,
And broke with Torments feeble Nature fail.
Zo. Away with him to Racks, and let him feel
The burning Pinchers and the bearded Steel.
While in a lingring Agony he lyes,
Long wiſhing for his Death before he dyes.
Ma. Pronounce not, Royal Sir, ſo raſh a Doom,
There's no recalling Secrets from the Tomb.
His would be buried with him, if he fell,
And you would put him paſt the Pow'r to tell.
You know him obſtinate, perverſe, and old,
Mild ways muſt win him, leave him me to mould.
When Kings of Rebels, and Rebellions hear,
Showing their Fury, they betray their Fear.
For your own Safety then, defer his Fate,
'Tis rumour'd he can ſave, or ſink the State;
Wiſe Princes will prolong a Traytor's Breath,
For their own Uſe, and then pronounce his Death.
Zo. Then be it as you will, my faithful Friend,
My Crown your Arms, and your Advice defend.
But bear him to the Dungeon, there ſecure [*Arch. is led off.*
His Legs, Hands, Arms, faſt fetter'd to the Floor.
How ſhall I recompenſe what thou haſt done,
This day wears faſt, and the Sun's Courſe is run,
Next day ſhall ſee you equal with my Son.
When *Locris*, and *Orythia*'s Hands ſhall joyn,
I'll give my lov'd *Cyllene*'s into thine.

Let

Let victory be now the gen'ral Cry,
Beat Drums, ſound Trumpets, let your Banners fly,
And with expanded Streamers ſweep the Sky.
Sound while your Emp'rour is triumphant led,
Sound while his Son aſcends the Genial Bed. [*Ex. cum Sold.*

Manet Maherball, Locris.

Ma. Revive, ye dying ſounds of diſtant War,
Roll with recover'd fury from afar.
Strike louder than before the thund'ring Drum,
More *Romans*, more *Sicilian* Rebels come.
In Fields the Godlike Heroe gains his Fame,
While neighb'ring Nations tremble at his Name.
No Feild is now for any Martial Deed,
But drowſy Peace, and droning Wives ſucceed.

Lo. What can the Fates deſign, my noble Friend,
And where will all theſe threatning Miſchiefs end?
My deſp'rate Father knows when e'er I Wed,
Unerring Oracles have doom'd me Dead.
Yet his Commands are for my Nuptials given,
In ſpight of Oracles,
In ſpight of every Ordinance of Heaven.

Ma. The ſame was told me by my Father's Ghoſt,
That when I marry'd, I was ſurely loſt.
Thrice his ſhrill Voice denounc'd my doom aloud,
And thrice he call'd me Son, and thrice I bow'd.
Tho' void of Fear, to Wars, and Dangers bred,
Yet ſuch a Meſſage from the mighty Dead
Deters me from the Fair *Cyllene*'s Bed.

Lo. Saw you the Shape the Ghoſt aſſum'd before;
What aſpect, and what form, or port he bore?
Mark'd you the Features——

Ma. That, alas! I can
Give no account of; Pale he look'd, and Wan,
The Shade retaining little of the Man.

Lo. None but *Cyllene*? did the rev'rend Shade
Name none beſides, except no other Maid?

Ma. None elſe——
Lo. 'Twas ſtrange.
Ma. And ſtrangely has it wrought,
And ſtill revolves within my labouring Thought;
I'll to the King, and beg him to ſuſpend
Our threatned Nuptials, till the War ſhall end.
Ev'n that may gain us time, and we may find
Some way unthought of yet to change his Mind.
If granted not, I'll leave him to his Crown,
And fly to foreign Camps to win Renown.
He tyrannizes moſt o're human Life,
Who would, againſt our Will, impoſe a Wife. [*Exit.*

Manet Locris.

Lo. Thou ſhal't not noble Youth, go hence alone,
I'll ſhare thy Exile, till thou ſhar'ſt my Throne.
I'll follow thee, thou Charmer of my Soul,
Where ever Tempeſts beat, or Billows roll.
Thro' foaming Seas, and ſcorching Sands I'll flee,
And leave my Parents, and my Crown for thee.

Enter Semanthe.

Sem. And art thou found again, but do I boaſt
Of finding thee, who muſt ſo ſoon be loſt?
Fate, like the Sword, hangs threat'ning o're our Head,
Held only by a ſingle, ſlender Thread,
Which, when that breaks, will fall, and ſtrike us dead.
The furious King with his drawn Sword I ſee,
Now he kills *Locris*, now he murthers me.
Now down the Shore he drags us ſide by ſide,
And throws our mangled Bodies to the Tide.
Lo. Would I had never been, to cauſe your pain,
But yet be calm, take courage once again.
The Gods that have by their almighty Aid,
Amidſt fierce Wars preſerv'd a feeble Maid,
Will not permit me now to be betray'd.

Sem.

Sem. Why was *Bellona*'s work ſo quickly done?
Why are the Trumpets Clangors huſh'd ſo ſoon?
Ruſh to new Wars, new ſhouting Squadrons Head,
Or fight—— or fly——
Do any thing to ſhun the Nuptial Bed.
How gladly could I here my Life reſign?
But oh! Your Miſeries would not end with mine.
Gods! 'Tis too much to bear; Slaves bound in Chains,
Broke upon Wheels, and rack'd with mortal Pains,
Feel not my Woes, but with more eaſe expire,
Let me go mad, or give me back my Peace.
O cruel Husband! O unnatural Sire!
O wretched Child! O moſt unhappy Race!
O miſerable me! [*Falls.*

Lo. Riſe, and I'll fall,
I'll periſh for us both, I'll bear it all.
Fate cannot ſuch a juſt Requeſt deny,
For you who gave me Life I ought to dye.

Sem. Thou: thou haſt been midſt deſp'rate Dangers taught,
From Infancy, to value Death at naught.
But I, my Child, in theſe declining years,
Bend with my feeble Age, and feebler Fears.

Lo. Then let my Youth your feeble Age ſuſtain,
Truſt to my ſtrength, you ſhall not truſt in vain.
Around my Trunk, like fearful Ivy twine;
Yours be the Safety, as the Duty's mine.
The Gods will then prevent the threatned Stroke;
Their Thunder dares not rend their Sacred Oak,

Sem. There are no pitying Gods; or, if there are,
Nor you, nor I have ever been their Care.
I'll act a *Bacchanal*, and ſcour the Plain,
Feign madneſs—— that, alas! I need not feign.
O're Hills and Dales with deſp'rate Fury fly,
Make diſtant Woods reſtore my frantick Cry,
Meet from wild Beaſts a leſs unnatural Doom,
Or in the Foreſt dig our quiet Tomb.

Lo. So frantickly, alas! you look, and ſpeak,
I feel my ſtubborn Heart begin to break:
Cuſtom has given me Courage, which ſecures

My

My Soul from Fears, yet ſtill I fear for yours.

Sem. Then I'll be ſilent, thou no more ſhall't know,
Alas! I've let thee know too much of Woe.
But henceforth to my ſelf my griefs ſhall be,
Whate'er I feel, I'll hide it all from thee.

Lo. Rather ſpeak on, ſpeak on, and let us ſhare
Suffrings alike—— am I too weak to bear?
Silence, alas! would be too ſure a Sign
Of deſp'rate Grief; one part at leaſt be mine.
Yet do not, do not give it ſuch a Scope,
Truſt on the Gods; there ſtill is room for hope.

Sem. Who talks of hope, what flatt'ring Tongue preſumes
To bid me hope? Can that be found in Tombs?
Let Hope from this unhappy Climate fly,
For who can hope, that ſees my *Locris* dye?
No more the voice of Comfort let me hear,
Speak not———
Or if you ſpeak, ſpeak nothing but Deſpair.
Look yonder, where the Winds and Waves engage,
Hark, how they roar, behold them how they rage!
Survey this troubled Earth, that thundring Sky,
What cauſe have they to ſtorm, what not have I?
Stand off, and give me leiſure to complain,
And think——O no,——no, never think again:
Stand off, and give me way, 'tis mine to rave,
Driv'n by each Wind, and daſh'd by every Wave;
What art can ſuccour us, what pow'r can ſave?

[*Exit, ſupported by* Locris.

Enter Cyllene.

Cyl. I heard Deſpair pronounc'd, and fain would ſee
That wretched Creature who diſpairs like me.
Whoe'er thou art, worſe Ills thou can'ſt not prove,
For my Deſpair is the Deſpair of Love.
O Fool, abandon'd Fool! to ſtoop ſo low,
So to purſue the Man who ſlights you ſo.
Sure it is thus by ſome Divine Decree,

Speak

Speak Heaven——why ask I you who mind not me,
I'll anſwer to my ſelf——
Fate's hand is in it, or it could not be.

Enter Maherball

Ma. Where's *Locris*? ha-------- [*aſide.*
Cyl. Now hold my beating Heart:
What makes thee bluſh, what caus'd that guilty Start?
Am I ſo monſtrous? can my Gorgon ſight
Put ſo renown'd a Champion in a Fright?
Since our near Nuptials are the Stars Deſign,
Thou ſhould'ſt have nam'd no other Name than mine.
Ma. What am I doom'd to bear?
Cyl. What have you born?
'Tis I, fond fool bear all; your Salvage Scorn:
Or worſe then Scorn; Indifference! cruel Fate!
Let him but ſhew me either Love or Hate.
Is that ſo hard to grant?
Ma. For Heavens ſake, ceaſe,
And give your ſelf, and give *Maherball* Peace.
You wrong me, and in your impetuous Rage
Blame me for Pains, which I muſt ne'er aſſwage.
Cyl. You wrong me more, you wrong my Father's Crown,
Who nobly rais'd thee from a Wretch unknown.
Brave, gen'rous Proofs of Gratitude you bring,
But ſtill 'tis thus with a too gracious King:
Should he now know how you diſdain my Bed,
Inſtead of giving me, he'd take your Head.
Ma. The King thinks better ſince.
Cyl. 'Tis thou haſt taught;
'Tis thou, ingrateful, haſt inſpir'd the Thought:
Brave as thou art, thou may'ſt be yet afraid
Of the Revenge of a rejected Maid.
Fly to ſome diſmal Cave, or dreadful Den;
Herd with your Fellow-Brutes, and not with Men.
Go, ſtupid Wretch! whom Beauty cannot move,
Thou art not bleſs'd with Soul enough to love.

Ma:

Ma. Humbly I take my leave.
Cyl. Hold yet, and ſtay;
O Heav'n! What have I done? What can I ſay?
Hell! how he catch'd the word to haſte away!
I call'd thee back but to pronounce thy Fate,
To ſhow my Rage can like my Wrongs be great.
When Love is fled, Revenge ſupplies his room;
Dread then a certain and a ſudden Doom.
Know, from this time, ingrateful Wretch! I tear
Thy Image from my Heart——
Or if that will not be, I'll ſtab thee there. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

ACT IV.

Enter Locris, *follow'd by* Orythia.

Ory. DO I again my Love in Safety ſee?
Welcome from War, and welcome home to me.
Now beats my Heart no longer: Did I ſay
No longer? No, till the next dreadful Day.
For tho' Defiance is at diſtance breath'd,
Yet ſtill the bloody Sword remains unſheath'd.
Lo. Therefore, while yet yon hoſtile Legions move,
It is not time to talk, or think of Love.
Prevailing Foes may our Delights deſtroy,
And ſunder Lovers in the midſt of Joy.
When Victory is made compleat and ſure,
Then Love be crown'd when Conqueſt is ſecure.
Ory. O make not ſuch a faint and weak Excuſe,
A flat Denial were a leſs Abuſe:
I know my Failing is, I want a Crown,
Which was my Father's once, tho' now your own.
His Loving Subjects uncompell'd obey'd;
In Quiet he the glittering Scepter ſway'd.

How

How little ſhould all human Goods be priz'd,
He's dead, and I, unhappier I, deſpiz'd.
Lo. Leaſt you ſhould think me guilty of Diſdain,
Know, that I too was never born to Reign.
You cannot yet the Gods Deſigns diſcern,
Which only I have been allow'd to learn.
Ory. You talk in Clouds, ſpeak *Locris*, ah! ſpeak plain,
What do the Gods, or what do's *Locris* mean?
You think that I for baſe Ambition wooe,
But my Ambition centers all in you.
My Father's death for you I can forgive,
And for you only I deſire to live.
Some recompenſe is to my Sufferings due,
Who ſuffers for you, and forgives you too.
Lo. I merit no Maid's Love to this exceſs,
Nor can repay you, were your Paſſion leſs.
I mourn like you, your good old Father's fate,
Would mine had by ſome other means been great.
I have no Love to give; but could reſign
The Crown with eaſe, and once more make it thine.
Ory. Look down, *Orontes*, from thy Native Sky,
And ſee thy loſt, deſpairing Daughter dye.
Yes, *Locris*, yes, to death, to death I go,
Yet dying, bleſs that hand which gave the blow.
Daggers and Wounds before my Eyes I ſee,
Fire, Poiſon, Sword------
But ſtill I will divert them all from thee.
O Brother! when *Sicilian* Squadrons yield,
Spare *Locris*, ſpare him in the bloody field.
O Father! plead with all the Powers above,
Not to revenge thee on the Man I Love. [*Exit.*

Locris *alone.*

Lo. Unhappy Maid, thy Fortune I deplore,
Tho' mine ought juſtly to be pitty'd more.
Your Woes will end, nor can you long lament,
But I muſt dread a ſad, and dire Event.

Yet ſhall this Thought inſtruct me how to bear,
Fearing, is worſe ; than Suffering, what we fear.

Enter Maherbal.

Ma. Your Father is reſolv'd, I met him late,
With Looks that threatn'd nothing leſs than Fate.
At my Approach his Rage began to riſe,
And Vengeance lighten'd from his glaring Eyes.
As I paſt by, I bow'd, no Word he ſaid,
But frown'd, as if he could have look'd me dead.
When I ſpoke to him firſt, his fierce Reply
Was, that we might not Wed, but then muſt dye.

Lo. Dye I'm reſolv'd ; why, it were death to Wed ;
Alike with Death I Love *Orythia*'s Bed.
Let him be both a King and Father ſtill,
No King, no God can force their Creature's Will.
From our Creation that is left us free,
And I will uſe it, as it ought to be.

Ma. More than what yet is ſaid, he menac'd too,
Ev'n tho' his only Son, he menac'd you.
Rage choak'd his words at laſt, and then a Gloom
Silently warn'd me to depart the Room.
Your Siſter juſt retir'd, as I came in,
Thence Springs his Paſſion, there our woes begin.
Orythia's with him now, but all in Tears,
And not with ſuch a Look as Vengeance wears.
His Eyes purſu'd me as to you I came,
And mark'd my Steps that he might take the ſame.

Enter Zoilus *leading in* Orythia *weeping.*

To what a glorious purpoſe have I Reign'd,
To ſee my Kindred, and my Blood diſdain'd ?
You ſhall, you ſhall my juſt Reſentments know ;
Yes, Son ; yes, Traytor ; not my General now.

Ma. How ! Traytor ?

Zo. Dare you then the Name deny,
When a King ſpeaks, dare you, his Slave, reply ?

Go poor Unknown, abandon'd, and forlorn,
Go, if thou canſt, where thou at firſt wer't Born.
Thy wretched life, out of revenge I grant,
And baniſh thee to live in ſcorn, and want.

Ma. Ceaſe threatning him, that is not to be brav'd,
Born with a Soul which ſcorns to be enſlav'd.
I was not born thy Subject------

Lo. O be gone-----
Pull not inevitable ruine on.
I'll follow you------ [*aſide.*

Ma. No let them fly, who fear
The frown of ought on Earth; I'll tarry here.
Is this my recompence for all I've done,
For all thy Glory in my Battles won?
I gave no Crown, created thee no Prince,
But ſtill this Sword ſuſtain'd your Empire ſince.
By my paſt Services too great I grow,
And therefore Dungeons muſt reward them now.

Zo. I wou'd have made you greater, you refus'd,
A King's Allyance, and his Love abus'd.
Nay, anſwer not, that aggravates th' offence,
Hence from my ſight, or I ſhall ſpurn you hence.

Ma. Speak not, and look not, and advance not ſo,
Make not the ſmalleſt offer of a blow.

Zo. Then from this Hand and Sword your fate receive
A Death too glorious for ſo vile a Slave.

Lo. Spare, ſpare my Father. [Ma. *diſarms him*

Ory. Spare the King. *without drawing.*

Ma. I know
What I ſhould do; where's Pow'r, where's Empire now?
All in this Hand---- Why muſt I not the Throne?
What hinders me from making all my own?
But thus this Traytor gives you back your Sword,
And ſtill confeſſes you his Soveraign Lord.

Zo. This Artifice ſhan't ſerve; my Guards---- who wait?
[*Guards ſurround and ſeize him.*
Go, bear this Rebel Traytor to his Fate.
Loaden with Chains in Dungeons let him lye,
Till I contrive, and doom him how to dye.

Ma. Now is the Lyon taken in the Toyl,
And yet the timerous Hunters dare not ſmile.
But with a Dread their captive Foe ſurvey,
And tho' ſecure, ſtand trembling o're their Prey.
Zo. Go then, and bind the Lyon in the Den,
And ſee if he can make us tremble then.
Loc. O Sacred Sir, O Father!
Zo. Ha! Have done,
Plead for thy ſelf, not him, rebllious Son.
Go, ſee my Will perform'd---- Ma. *is led off.* *Ex.* Zo. Ory.

Manet Locris.

Oh! then adeiu
To all that's great on Earth, dear Youth in you.
The lovely Cauſe for ever muſt remove,
But I for ever feel the Rage of Love.
Yet if his Death is not the fixt Decree
Of all the Faes, ſtill ſome Relief may be,
Some means found out to ſave and reſcue thee.

Enter Cyllene.

Cyll. Where have they ſent him, whither is he hurl'd?
Driv'n to the Dungeon, driv'n from the World.
Tell, Brother, tell me, whither is he led;
O ſpeak, in Chains, in Baniſhment, or Dead?
Lo. Kind Heav'n! ſhe comes to my own Heart's content, [*aſide.*
Whate're he ſuffers, thou, muſt thou relent?
Doſt thou bemoan him, thou whoſe fatal Breath
Denounc'd his Doom, and ſentenc'd him to Death.
Cyll. Death, didſt thou ſay? Is Death? if he muſt fall,
Finall Deſtruction ſeize on us and all,
The mad Effects of Women's Paſſion ſee,
How they can Love and Hate at once in me.
Lo. If you would ſave him, ſtay to mourn no more,
Mankind may periſh in a Day, an Hour.
Our Fathers Signet lyes in your Command,
He Signs his Warrants with *Cyllene*'s Hand.

Cyll. Here

Cyl. Here, take the Signet then, and ſet him free;
Flee as a Brother, as a Lover flee.
To your own Conduct I the reſt reſign,
Tell him the Act was either------yours,------ or mine. [*Exit.*

Lo. Thy blindneſs in thy Love my hopes ſecures,
I'll flee, but not to make the Glory yours.
If ſuch a little Fraud ſhould ſeem unjuſt,
To gain their Love, who would not break their Truſt? [*Exit.*

Scene Changes to a Dungeon; Maherball, Archias *in Chains.*

Arch. With what a ſad Confuſion in my Face
Do I behold thee in this Patal Place?
You were the only one I wiſh'd to ſee,
But not to ſee you thus, thus chain'd like me.
At the firſt Glimpſe, the firſt ſurprizing View,
I hop'd it was Deluſion all, not you.

Ma. All is Deluſion in this Mortal Life,
Ev'n our own Senſe is with it ſelf at Strife.
Toſs'd here, and there, by the Decrees of Heav'n,
Our ſelves not knowing why, or whither driv'n.
There's this advantage ſtill, I now may know
My Parents; what will that avail me now?

Arch. Only heap Woes on Woes, bring no Releif,
But freſh Additions to your former Grief.
Did I but ſee you circled with a Crown,
Or at an Army's Head to ſeize your own.
Then it were time to tell, till then to keep
The Secret in, and let your Father ſleep.

Ma. Did you name Crowns, or am I grown your Scorn?
Yet ſomething tells me I was Princely born.
Oh! Speak, ſay in what part of all the Earth
My Parents had their Crown, and I my Birth?

Arch. Seek, ſeek to know no more, for Heav'n's ſake, ceaſe,
Keep (while you have) the leaſt Remains of Peace.

Ma. Tell me the worſt, tell where he liv'd, and dy'd,
Where reign'd he, and a thouſand things beſide.
Would I were free to roam, to ſearch, enquire
Maherball's Kingdoms, and *Maherball*'s Sire.

To the laſt Limits of the World I'd fly,
Till Strangers tell what unkind you deny.
Speak, or you love me not.------
Arch. I love too well,------
Ye Conſcious Gods too much I love to tell.
Ma. Longer I find it is in vain to wait,
Nor will I tarry for a Traytor's Fate.
My death I can accompliſh with my Chains,
And daſh the Priſon Walls with bloody Stains.
Arch. Hold, ſacred Sir, and you, alas! ſhall know;
Yes, you ſhall learn it to your Mortal Woe,
And have that fatal Comfort, e'er your go.
Oh! for this knowledge, Prince, you need not roam,
'Tis to be learnt, 'tis to be had at home.
Let me take Reſpit, let me take my Breath,
And pauſe a while, before I give you Death.
Ma. Be quick, and let thy Tongue be looſe and free,
Thy Words may choak thy ſelf, but kill not me.
Arch. You told me once you ſaw your Father's Shade,
But know not who he was------
Alas! you knew him not alive or dead.
Dare you the bounds which I preſcribe maintain,
And ſee that awful Spirit once again?
Ma. See him, ſpeak to him, ask him how, and who
Perform'd the dreadful Deed; I dare purſue
Their Lives to death; their ſpotted Souls to Hell,
There torture thoſe by whom my Father fell.

Archias *unrolling the King's Picture*, Orontes *King of* Sicily, *writ in large Letters under it.*

Arch. Letters, and Seals, and Rings might be of uſe,
But I can more ſubſtantial Proofs produce.
This I preſerv'd intire from Vulgar Rage,
From Fire, and Water, and devouring Age.
'Twas taken after Death.
Ma. Oh! Heav'n! was this
My Father's Semblance? Was this Picture his?

Now

Now by my Wrongs the very ſame I ſaw,
It ſtrikes me with a ſtrange, unuſual Awe.
Tell me, moſt Sacred Shade, am I thy Son?
Speak to me------ but, alas! thy Speech is gone:
Thoſe Wounds ſay ſomething, for Revenge they gape,
No, the curſt Author of them ſhall not ſcape.
Tell me------ this cannot tell. [*to Arch.*
Arch. 'Tis vain to know,
He wears a Crown, who gave the fatal Blow.
Vaſt are his Troops, and num'rous Guards ſurround
His Throne, and keep aloof the threatned Wound.
Ma. And I am bound ye Gods! and I am bound,
Or what if Millions did his Throne ſurround?
Who was that King?
Arch. He who has now the Sway,
And governs *Sicily* this preſent Day.
Ma. Oh Heav'n!----Heav'n there had nought to do. O Hell!
Speak thou no more, the reſt let Furies tell.
Was it by his curſt Hands my Father Fell?
That King? whom I but now ſo blindly ſpar'd,
Whom I diſarm'd in view of all his Guard?
Who to provoke my Fury, call'd me Slave,
And ſent me hither for the Life I gave.
How did I ſcape when young?-----
Arch. I ſav'd you, Prince,
Till now, curſt now; I have ſecur'd you ſince.
Ma. Would I had periſh'd then, or rather now,
Would I might live to ſtrike one glorious Blow.
Revenge, Revenge; alas! it will not be;
Revenge has Bolts, which weigh her down like me.
Daſh then thy galling Fetters on the Ground,
Thy Mother-Earth with thy ſharp Irons wound.
Spurn with thy Shackles her unhappy Womb,
Tear up her Entrails, till thou findſt a Tomb;
Rattle your Chains at yon relentleſs Sky,
Curſe thy malignant Stars, run mad, and die.
Arch. Raiſe from the Ground, dread Sir, your Sacred Head,
Earth is not fitting for Prince's Bed.

Daſe

Dare Fate, like Heroes born of Royal Blood,
Fall as *Maherball* and *Araxes* ſhould.

Ma. 'Tis for Revenge I grovel here, and groan;
I mourn my Father's Fate, and not my own.
Mourn, that I cannot hurl this Murth'rer down
To Sulph'rous Lakes, ten thouſand Fathom down.

Arch. Yet ſtill be calm, and let not Fortune boaſt;
Your Godlike Temper, when ſhe frown'd, was loſt.

Ma. There is a time, when Nature ſeems at Peace,
And all the Jars in the Creation ceaſe.
When Winds and Waves are huſh'd, and heard no more,
And thoſe forbear to rage, and theſe to roar.
There is a time, when Clowds diſperſe and fly,
No more engendring Thunder in the Sky.
A time when Wars no more the World moleſt;
All with a deep, ſweet Calm ſupinely bleſt;
But we are never with our ſelves at reſt.
This is the State ev'n of the happieſt Men;
Then, cruel Gods! Oh! what muſt mine be then?

Arch. Hark, the Doors open, and the Traytor's come.
Heav'n! can you ſuffer ſo unjuſt a Doom?
Yet, let the Fates decree what-e'er they will,
Conceal *Araxes*, be *Maherball* ſtill.

Ma. Yet will I not die tame, but periſh warm;
My Hands, inſtead of Swords, my Bolts ſhall arm:
And tho' I fall in an ignoble Throng,
I will make ſure to have one Slave along.

Enter Locris *and Governour of the Priſon.*

Lo. Be quicker; burſt aſunder all the Doors,
This Signet here all I command ſecures.
In what a Poſture does my Hero ſtand?
How better would a Sword become his Hand?
Quick, knock his Shackles off, and then retreat,
And, on your Life, where I appointed wait.

[*Gov. knocks off his Bolts, and Exit.*

Ma. Sure,

Ma. Sure, 'tis enchantment all, this Story told,
Would make it look like a Romance of old.
Loſt in amazement, and confuſion too,
I know not how to give what thanks are due:
My want of Power to pay my Debt I mourn,
But when 'tis mine, I'll make a full return.

Lo. Stay not to thank me, but make haſt, and fly:
Fly, till Night comes, to ſome cloſe Thicket nigh.
Why are you ſo diſmay'd? ſo pale? ſo dumb?
Look ſo upon me? come, I'll guide you, come.
Haſt, if you wiſh your ſelf, or me to live;
If we are caught, the King will ne're forgive.

Ma. Hold yet, for here your Favours muſt not end,
I cannot move till you releaſe my Friend.
I owe him for a Life, nor ſhall he be
Left in thoſe Fetters there, while I am Free.

Lo. Help to unbind him then; now all away;
Fate hovers o'er, and has us, if we ſtay:
He thinks that Fortune leads him; but I prove [*aſide.*
That I am led, and only led by Love. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE *a Grove.*

Enter Cyllene *alone.*

DEſcending Night the neighb'ring Valleys fills,
And preſſes on the brows of bending Hills.
Our Fear around us with the darkneſs flows,
And Mankind flies to Shelter and repoſe.
Love Conquers fear, with a regardleſs Eye,
I view the Gloomy Shades, and paſs them by.
Thro' diſmal Caverns unconcern'd I rove,
And tread with Dauntleſs ſteps the Deſart Grove;
Driv'n by Deſpair, and goaded on by Love.

All ſleepy nature is to Silence bent,
But my Tumultuous Sorrows will have vent.
Winds, on your Wings my Mournful accents bear,
Sound, Echo, thro' the Woods, Deſpair, Deſpair.
Bring my *Maherbal* to me ; hark, around
Sad Echoes anſwer from the hallow Ground,
He will not come where I am to be found.
Fan me, cool Gales ; Lull me, ſweet Aires to Reſt,
Flow o'er me ſome kind Stream,
And quench this Burning Fever in my Breaſt.
Snatch me, ſome Whirlwind, on a ſudden up,
And bear me to the bleakeſt Mountains top.
Let Rain, and Hail, and headlong Winter fall :
Gods! ſhow'r down all your Floods, I want them all.
The Wind around in grateful murmurs Blows,
The Rain beats faſt, and yet my Fever grows,
I'll on, and loſe at once, my Self, and Woes. [*Goes into the Grove.*

Enter Locris *alone.*

Loc. What Wonders have I heard, ye Pow'rs Divine!
Is he I Love *Araxes?* ——
Ah! ſince he is, he never can be mine.
Now, ſhall we Fall by his prevailing Pow'rs,
Or he (as hard a Fate) muſt Die by ours.
By me our Houſes mortal Foe was Freed,
By me, who cannot yet repent the Deed.
Wiſtly he Look'd, and full of Lab'ring Thought,
Loth to receive the Liberty I brought.
Great Spirits, ſtill with Bluſhes, take a grant,
Diſdaining chiefly, what they chiefly want.
His Struggling yet was more ; he Scornd to owe
Ought to his Rival, whom he thought his Foe ;
But *Locris* is not known while he thinks ſo.
Maherbal, no ; I all to thee Reſign ;
My Crown, my Empire, and my Heart are Thine.
I'll on, and find thee, if thou can'ſt be found,
Make, till thou hear'ſt, the circling Woods reſound.

Speak

Speak, conſcious Foreſts, Speak ſome vocal Tree,
Some *Sylvan* tell, where can *Maherbal* be?
A thouſand Thoughts within my Breaſt revolve;
Something I'll do, but cannot yet reſolve.
Break thro' theſe Shades, *Maherbal*, and appear:
Maherbal, Anſwer, if you live, and hear.
Ma. Who's there? who calls? [*riſing from the root*
Lo. One who was forc'd to rove, *of a moſſy Tree.*
And ſearch thee long in vain, thro' all the Grove.
Why gaze you thus, with ſuch A wild affright?
Why glare your Eyes amidſt the gloomy night?
Whence all thoſe ſigns of Mingled rage and woe,
Why that Stern look, and that contracted Brow?
Ma. Leave me, I charge you, leave me here to die,
By our paſt Friendſhip, I conjure you, fly.
Lo. What ſaid you? did you ſpeak of Friendſhip paſt?
Could not repeated Favours make it laſt?
Ma. Seek not to tear a Secret from my Breaſt,
Which known, will rob you of Eternal Reſt.
Ask not the reaſon, but with Speed retire,
Leaſt I ſhould ſet thee with the World on fire.
Lo. Let guilty Men ſeek Safety by retreat,
Thoſe that are Innocent may brave their Fate.
I ſaw you mourn, and came to claim my part,
And ſhare whatever ſhould oppreſs your Heart.
Ma. Thou art my chief Oppreſſion; now be gon,
Ere thou, like mine, pull'ſt thy own ruine on.
Thine is the Guilt, curſe on thy Traitor's Face,
For thou haſt ſtruck me in the tendreſt place.
Lo. Would Heav'n I had, all would be then Secure, [*Aſide*
Nor He, nor I our preſent Pangs endure.
Know, that I Scorn a title ſo Unjuſt, [*to him.*
Who never in the leaſt betray'd my Truſt.
Where, how, and when was I ſo?
Ma. Perjur'd Friend;
Away, betimes, here let thy Queſtions end.
Know thou haſt wrong'd my Honour, now deplore
We once were Friends, but muſt be ſo no more.

Lo. To raiſe thy Honour has been all my Aim,
More than my own, to ſpread abroad thy Fame,
Give thee, ingrateful! an Immortal name.
Once more I charge you, as you were a Friend,
Declare your Wrongs, what'er event attend.
Speak, under ſhelter of the Secret Night,
If you are wrong'd, my Sword ſhall do you right.
Ma. [*Drawing*] Thou'ſt found a way, I take thee at thy word,
Nought elſe could have prevail'd——
Nought but the Manly offer of thy Sword.
Now if thou dar'ſt, a ſtrict attention give,
In me behold the loſt *Araxes* live.
My Father fell by thine, he Seiz'd his Throne.
Can after that, his Son and I be one?
Now Draw, the Night clears up, the Silver Moon
Shines bright, our buſineſs will be ended ſoon.
Heaven ſeems at laſt to favour my deſign,
Revenge and Empire ſhall at once be mine.
Lo. Hold, I'm no Son to *Zoilus*——
Ma. Ha! take care,
Play not with me, fond, Fooliſh Youth, beware.
Lo. Think me his Son, yet am I free from Guilt,
Clear of all Blood by Fraud, or Fury Spilt.
In my behalf this may Securely plead,
I was not Born ſome Years, when he was Dead.
Ma. Let that Speak for you then, and now be gone,
Leave me to take Revenge on him alone.
Let ſo much be to our paſt Friendſhip due,
At once to Pity, and to Pardon you.
Lo. Pardon your ſelf, if you, in Juſtice, can,
For your Ingratitude, perfidious Man!
Did not I ſave your Life, laſt dreadful Feild?
Throwing before your Breaſt by batter'd Shield?
Leaving my Boſom naked to the Foe,
Did not your now ſcorn'd Friend preſerve you ſo?
Ma. Are not you well rewarded with a Crown?
A recompence for greater Actions done.
Say, have not I more oft preſerv'd your Life?
And Sheilded you in a more dang'rous ſtrife?

Some

Some pow'r you give, ſome ſtrifling Poſts reſign;
You pay me part of what ſhould all be Mine.
Not high enough to Guard my ſelf by Force,
But high enough to make my Downfal worſe.
A gracious look, and flatt'ring Smile they ſhow,
Who would make Sureſt when they ſtrike the blow.
Snakes may ſecurely lurk beneath the flow'rs,
But when they find their Foes within their pow'rs,
Springing, they ſpurn their coverts from the ground,
Leap at their Prey, with hiſſes as they bound.
Lo. Can in that Breaſt ſuch idle fancies grow?
We ſtill were Friends, and we may ſtill be ſo.
Ma. A Crown divides us——
Lo. Here our diff'rence ends,
Divide the Crown; that ſhould not ſep'rate Friends.
Ma. Crowns will admit no Rivals, I'll reſign
Not the leaſt Jewel that enriches mine:
But I may loſe it by my Fooliſh ſtay,
I talk, and trifle, all my time away.
Lo. Now by my fame in Arms, you ſhall not go,
Duty commands detain my Father's foe.
If nothing can a bar ſufficient be,
To ſtop your paſſage, you ſhall paſs thro' me.
Ma. Go, ſtop the raging Fire, or rolling Sea,
Stop tumbling Torrents in their headlong way.
Stop Light'ning as it flaſhes thro' the Skies,
And ſtop *Jove*'s maſſy Thunder, as it flies.
When ſuch Stupendous things as thoſe are done,
Then think of hind'ring me from going on.
Lo. Poor man with Frenzy, and Ambition loſt,
I pity, and deſpiſe ſo vain a boaſt.
Were thy redoubted Sword the Thund'rer's brand,
Know, I could wreſt it from thy trembling Hand.
Ma. Tempt not my riſing Fury to deſtroy,
My very Arms would bluſh to kill a Boy.
Be gone, and force me not againſt my will,
Be gone, while I can keep my Temper ſtill.
Or let me go——

Lo. Stay, that the Boy may try
Whom Fate decrees to Conquer, whom to Die.
Beware, and do not ſlight my tender Age,
I dare your Valour, and defy your Rage.
Manhood that thinks, is apt to harbour Fears,
Courage is oftner found in Younger years.
Ma. Hold yet my hands, you lately ſet me Free,
And gratitude forbids me Fight with Thee.
Lo. Lay all thoſe Trivial poor excuſes by,
Know, 'twas *Cyllene* Set you Free, not I.
Ma. Farewel Compaſſion, then farewel remorſe,
Pity is fled, and Rage will have its courſe. [*Both Drawing.*
Now dread the Vengeance rumbling o'er thy head,
Ready with burſting Clowds to daſh thee dead.
Lo. Ready for Fury which I cannot fear,
Here's my bare Breaſt, now if thou dar'ſt, ſtrike here.
Ma. O all ye Gods! what Wonders do I See!
What had I like to have done?——
How am I Sav'd in not Deſtroying thee.
All that within my boundleſs wiſh could fall,
Was this——O bounteous Powers! and have I all?
Thus low, thou dear Triumphant Fair, I bow,
I own to Heaven, and Earth, I'm vanquiſh'd now.
Thus let me from your Lips my Sentence meet,
Or Seal my Pardon e're I leave your Feet.

She looſens her robe a little, her Helmet drops off, and her Hair appears.

Lo. Riſe, and no longer on the ground recline,
Riſe to theſe Arms, this Heart for ever thine.
I wrought your rage, high as I could to ſee
That if (when known) I might forgiven be,
And then concluded you could Love like me.
Ma. If tranſport leaves me ſtrength enough I'll riſe
To thee the Fountain, and the flood of Joys.
Divinely Charming, and Divinely good,
Thou wert not guilty of my Father's blood.
O! for thy ſake I could, I doubt, forgive
His woeful Fate, and let thy Father live.
But if the Gods his Puniſhment deſign,
Grant he may fall by other Hands than mine.
Lo. Our Fates to thee, as to a God we truſt,
Mild amidſt Wrongs, more Merciful than Juſt, My

My being known, this my Aſſurance moves,
Maherbal was my Friend, *Araxes* loves.

Maherbal *holding, and Gazing on her.*

O ſtand a little off, and let me gaze,
For all my Senſe is ſwallow'd in a maze.
Art thou a Woman then? O bleſt ſurprize!
O dawn of op'ning Heav'n! O Heav'n of Joys!
Woman! the Tongue to ſhow her tuneful skill,
Muſt utter nought but Woman—Woman ſtill.
Invoking you, our tow'ring Souls we raiſe,
You work our Paſſions, but tranſcend our Praiſe.
The Gods for your Creation we adore;
But ſtill we Worſhip you their Creatures more.
At Shrines we ſeemingly preſent our Pray'rs,
Yours are our off'rings, Heav'n! our hearts are theirs.
From them the Soldier all his Courage draws,
Sure of Succeſs, where Woman is the cauſe.
When Raviſh'd Poets write, or Prophets dream,
Woman is ſtill the dear Tranſporting theam.
Their blood if fir'd their Fancies are Divine,
They feel a Fury, and a Flame like mine.
Lo. Here all the Warfare of my life is o'er,
And I muſt play the Man's great part no more.
Farewel my golden Creſt, and glitt'ring Sword,
Go, ſeek my much lov'd Arms, ſome other Lord.
Farewel the Silver Trumpets Charming ſtrains,
Farewel the Drums that Thunder o'er the Plains.
Farewel the Troops that threaten from afar,
Farewel the waving Streamers of the War.
Farewel the bloody Spears, and batter'd Shields,
Ye long diſputed Fights, and duſty Fields,
Farewel the Fame that dear bought Conqueſt yields.
Farewel the Tempeſt-beaten Troops that dwell
Whole winters in your ſtormy Camps——Farewel.
Ma. Hear me, My *Locris*, take my Farewel too,
Ye ſevenfold Sheilds, and ſhiv'ring Spears adieu,
Farewel to War—— to all the World—— but you.

I'll

I'll claſp you cloſe, and fold you ever thus,
I'll cruſh you to my Heart——
And none ſhall ever Love and Live like us.
Why were you thus Diſguis'd? O tell me how——
But hold—— 'tis not an hour for Queſtions now.
We'll waſt no time that's lent us to improve;
Our Life is all too little for our Love.
I'm loſt betwixt my wonder and delight,
Let's haſten, and Secure the Charming night,
When the mute Soul flows out in every kiſs,
And every nerve ſwells with exceſs of bliſs. [*Exeunt.*

Cyllene *comes from the ſide of the Stage where She ſtood during the laſt three Speeches.*

Cyll. Death! Hell! and Furies! What is this I hear?
Now all their cloſe Deſigns, and Plots are clear.
I've been Abus'd, and now too plainly See
Out of his Love to her he Slighted me.
Now, wrong'd *Cyllene*, now thou may'ſt Command
A Vengeance worthy of a Woman's hand.
O were my Father here to know the Son
After his Death deſign'd to mount his Throne,
No bounds would his Revenge, and Rage confine,
His would (if poſſible) be great as mine.
Fly all reſpect of Nature and her Laws,
'Tis Nature bids Revenge in ſuch a Cauſe.
Mother, and Siſter ſhall my Victims fall,
And univerſal Ruine ſwallow all.

Enter Zoilus *attended with Torches and Soldiers.*

Zo. Where from my ſelf ſhall I a ſhelter find?
Guilt toſſes like a Storm my troubled mind?
With growing Fears, and gnawing Conſcience loſt,
Each ſtep I take, methinks I meet a Ghoſt.
My Gen'ral and unnatural Son are fled,
Ev'n my own Wife forſakes, and loaths my Bed.

Raving

Raving with Prophecy, repent, repent
She cries, or the Juſt Gods will ne'er relent.
Could Penitence, indulgent Heav'n, atone
So cheap, *Araxes* will not ſell his throne.
Ha! who is there, *Cyllene*, O my child,
Why look you thus? thus like your Father wild?
I hop'd for comfort from you, but I find,
That is grown ſtrange to me, and all my kind.
Cyll. Ruine ſurrounds us, Death and Hell's at hand,
Ready for plunging on the brinks we ſtand,
While Furies to our Faces ſhake the brand.
Think on your *Locris*, your pretended Son,
'Tis he that pulls your headlong Ruine on.
He, and your curſt ingrateful Gen'ral joyn,
Their Helliſh aim is at your Life and mine.
Zo. Ha! what pretended Son? be brief, and plain,
Unleſs your ſtronger Fears have turn'd your Brain.
Cyll. Your *Locris* is a Woman: Start at this?
Once more, if I am one, I ſwear ſhe is.
He who ſo Bravely, and ſo Boldly Fought,
Ev'n now confeſs'd the Woman; let this thought
Make it ſeem poſſible, 'twas Love that taught;
Love taught her how to weild the Sword and Spear,
Love of *Maherbal* baniſh'd all her fear.
Zo. Impoſſible, you trifle.
Cyll. Do I wake?
Do I ſee thee, my Father? do I ſpeak?
Zo. Ceaſe your mad Queſtions, and your madder Tale,
I ſaw it newly Born, and ſaw it Male.
Cyll. Might not ſome Male a while ſupply her place,
That's a ſtale cheat, oft known in ſuch a caſe.
Once the falſe Infant is expos'd to view,
They ſtrait return him, and take back the true.
Zo. By Heav'n, thou rack'ſt my very brain,— forbear,
Too plain, old Credulous Fool, their Plots appear.
Be all my kindred, all but thou, accurſt,
Hell ſeize on all, but on *Semanthe* firſt.
Fly, bid my Souldiers arm, all mount the Guard,
Haſt, and let every Avenue be barr'd.

Would I could once that Helliſh Traytreſs ſee,
What Hell could furniſh, ſhould her Portion be,
To Puniſh her, as ſhe has punish'd me. [*Exit.*

Cyllene *alone.*

Cyll. Now leap my raviſh'd Heart, now mount my Soul,
And each extended Arm graſp either Pole.
Reach yonder Starry roof, and Chryſtal Spheres,
And ſhew the Gods a Genius great as theirs.
Then downwards drive, ſearch the deep Plots of Hell,
And learn if Women, or if Feinds excel.
Make Fate with induſtry thy task purſue,
For thou haſt ſet it work enough to do.
If half tir'd Furies at their toyl repine,
Give them new Fury; Woman, give them thine. [*Exit.*

Enter Semanthe.

Sem. How ſhall I hide me from my Tyrant's ſight,
How ſhun the woes which threaten me this Night?
All things ſo full of Fate and Death appear,
As ſadly tell me that my own is near.
Whole Nature is in Pangs, and Groans around,
Winds toſs the Waters, Thunder tears the Ground,
Earth feels, and ſhakes and ſtaggers at the Wound.
Thrice our dead Parents call'd us from the Tomb,
Come *Zoilus* they cry'd, *Semanthe* come.
Hark, 'tis my Husband's voice; the ſhrieking Ghoſt
Sounds not ſo Fatal; now, 'tis now I'm loſt.
Fly to the Temple, have recourſe to Pray'r,
Alas! thou wilt not find Protection there.
Without regard to any power Divine,
He'll Stab thee Kneeling, tho' before the Shrine. [*Scene opens ſhe goes in.*

Re-Entur Zoilus *with Torches.*

Zo. Hither I come again ſome eaſe to find,
Lay, where I rais'd the tempeſt in my mind.

All

All things are calm but I, no Foe appears,
From my own Breaſt ſpring my own mortal Fears.
Would I knew how, or what the Fates decreed,
Or when, or where they deſtine me to bleed.
Conſcious, and certain of the worſt to come,
Secure of Death, I could out brave my doom.
Lead to the Temple, either Gods or Fiends,
Or Heaven or Hell ſhall tell what Fate intends.
If they refuſe to ſpeak, when I invoke,
I'll kindle to a Flame the curling Smoak,
Their Idols ſhall be burnt, their Altars broke.

The Scene of the Grove draws, and diſcovers the Temple, which they that bear the Torches open, Semanthe *kneeling at the Altar.*

Sem. Save me ye Gods!
Zo. Not all that rule the Sky
Shall ſave you, by my juſt Revenge you die.
I'll ſpare you yet a while, where's *Locris* gone?
Where is that Daughter? that Impoſtor Son?
You let *Maherbal* Scape——
Sem. 'Tis Falſe——
Zo. 'Tis True,
As you are Falſe, nothing is Falſe, but you.
Bane of thy Husband's and thy Soveraign's Life,
Speak, Traytreſs, Viper, Monſter, Woman, Wife!
Sem. Alas! I know not.
Zo. You know nothing; no;
Nor when, nor whither they deſign'd to go.
Unknown to you, I am by you Betray'd,
You did not know that *Locris* was a Maid.
All this I've learnt, give me to know the reſt,
Or Racks and Wheels ſhall tear it from your Breaſt.
Sem. What would you more, you your curſt orders gave
To kill a child Heaven deſtin'd me to Save.
Unnatural you caus'd that my Pious Cheat,
Come when it will, I glory in my Fate.

Zo. Die, damn'd deceiver Die—— ſtand off ye Slaves [*Stabs her.*
If you tread here, you tread upon your Graves.
Still Obſtinate as Falſe, is this a time?
And will you not in Death confeſs your crime.
Die in the true perverſeneſs of your Sex,
In Life and Death delighting to Perplex. [*Stabs again.*
Sem. Spare yet the ſhort remainder of my Life,
For *Locris* is—
Zo. What is She? Speak——
Sem. A Wife.
Wife to *Araxes*, your *Maherbal*'s Wife.
Zo. What? Wife to both? go on ſpeak yet again,
Speak thou — my Wife, till you diſtract my Brain.
Wilt thou not make me Mad ——
Sem. No more, adieu——
Kind Heaven forgive us both, but chiefly you. [*Dies*
Zo. What, Speechleſs? Dead? hold yet, you muſt not go,
For I have many other things to know.
She's gone, no ſtrugling warmth, no kindly ſpark
Of Life remains —
And I like her muſt wander in the Dark.
Hark, the Loud Trumpets, hark, the thundring Drum,
The Romans, and the Conqu'ring Rebels come.
Sure I have only Dreamt I was a King,
Would it were all a Dream—— but Oh! the ſting
Of Conſcience gives at laſt the ſecret Wound,
But here's to lull it faſt, to Sleep ſo ſound,
As never more to Dream—— [*Falls on his Sword.*

Enter Cyllene.

Cyll. Ha! what has Fate done here? my Mother Dead?
My Father Dying, and my Siſter fled?
Who ſhould have liv'd, by death's curſt error fell,
They live, who ſhould have dyed—
Miſtaken miſchief! mangled work of Hell!
How could all this be done, whoſe hands concern'd
In the dire Fact? That yet is to be learn'd.

O raiſe

O raiſe thee up a little from the ground,
Tell thy *Cyllene* in her Sorrows drown'd,
Tell, ſacred Sir, who gave the Fatal wound. } *to* Zoilus.

Zo. Who durſt, but I my ſelf? — make no reply,
I've many things to ask before I die.
What is become of *Locris*, is ſhe Seiz'd?
Tell me ſhe is that I may periſh pleas'd.
Where is *Maherbal*, where *Araxes*? where
The Roman Army? further Queſtions ſpare,
And Anſwer e're my Soul diſſolves in Air.

Cyll. Romans and Rebels ravage all the Town,
Araxes marches on to Snatch the Crown.
Archias Proclaims him at his Army's head,
And the War done, he and your *Locris* wed.

Zo. Where is *Maherbal* then, ſits he unmov'd?
And lets another take the Maid he lov'd?

Cyll. Maherbal is *Araxes*——

Zo. Spiteful Pow'rs!
Hell, and Confuſion! What a Fate is ours.
You rave, and ſo do I, and all Mankind,
We who boaſt Reaſon, more than Brutes are blind.
Wretches like us by Heav'n decree accurſt,
For ruine deſtin'd, ſtill run mad at firſt.
Fate's malice I deſpiſe, her rage I ſlight,
In a few moments in her own deſpight,
With me it ſhall be Reſt, and endleſs Night.
Snatch not my Sword, *Cyllene*— yet you may,
I have a ſurer, and a ſpeedier way.
Help me a while to ſtand erect, and ſtraight, [*She helps him up.*
That I may fall with greater force and weight,
At once; and all together ſtrike the ground, [*tears open his*
While the Soul ruſhes from the gaping wound. *wounds & dies.*

Cyll. Farewel, great Soul; and now farewel all Fear,
I am thy Off-ſpring, and thy Spirit's heir.
Let my Malignant Stars their utmoſt do,
I ſlight them, while I can eſcape like you.
But hark, the Conqu'ring Troops in Triumph move,
My rival Siſter, and my Tyrant love.

Hell!

Hell! muſt I ſtifle my Revenge and hate?
And herd with Vaſſals at the Temple Gate?
Till the proud Victors ſhall pronounce our Fate.
But 'tis reſolv'd, there ſhall *Cyllene* ſtand,
Off'ring Petitions with a trembling hand.
Suppliant, concealing this envenom'd dart, [*Drawing a Dagger.*
Till ſhooting from their feet, I reach their Heart.

Drums, Trumpets. *Enter* Araxes, Locris, Archias *Victorious.* Archias *leading* Orythia.

Araxes *at the door of the Temple.*

Arax. From further ſlaughters let our Soldiers ceaſe,
Let War lie buried in profoundeſt Peace.
Let us our Fury, and Revenge ſuſpend,
From this bleſt hour, Blood ſtanch, and Murther end.
Cyll. (*kneeling*) Yet, e're you enter theſe Divine aboades,
The ſacred Manſions of forgiving Gods,
Stay, lovely, cruel Conqueror, turn, and ſtay,
Hear a deſpis'd, unhappy Princeſs pray.

Araxes *raiſing her.*

Arax. O riſe, you need not make your wiſhes known,
Life, Liberty, Dominion are your own.
Cyll. Could you but gueſs, you would recal the grant,
'Tis thus I ſatisfy what e're I want.

[*Offers at* Locris, *but prevented, turns the wound on her ſelf.*]

Arax. Seize her, diſarm her.
Cyll. Behold it here, lodg'd in my bloody Breaſt,
Tho' firſt intended for my Siſter's Gueſt.
This Blow will all my pain and ſhame remove,
For failing Vengeance, and rejected Love.
Gods! tho' on him your Bleſſings you conferr,
Be Juſt by halves— heap Plagues— heap Hell on her.

Soon

Soon may ſhe Die— ſhall that poor Curſe ſuffice?——
Long may ſhe Live, long ſlighted, e're ſhe dies.
May ſhe moſt Vertuous be, moſt chaſtly good,
But he believe her moſt abandon'd lewd!
Then may this Flouriſhing, yet happy ſhe
Die thus Deſdain'd, thus in Diſpair like me. [*Dies.*

Arax. What ſad extreams make moſt of Women's Fate,
Raging with love, relentleſs in their hate:
Succeſſive paſſions in their turns prevail,
Leſs fair their Perſon's, than their tempers frail.

Lo. Oh! All ye Juſt, but too, too rigid Pow'rs!
Let Fate no further reach to us or ours.
Tho' ſtill ſuch Judgments ſuch a life attend,
Yet our allyance bids me mourn her end.

Arax. Enter the ſacred Temple, now to bind
Our ſelves by Vows, to be but leſs confin'd,
To mingle Souls, when once our hands are Joyn'd.
You too, my Siſter ſhortly muſt provide
To bleſs young *Archias* in a wiſh'd for Bride.
His Father here firſt wrought this turn of Fate,
And I will make him, as he made me Great.
On that brave Youth you muſt your Love beſtow,
For you can Rival me no longer now.
Burn all our incenſe, all our Gods invoke,
Let the thick fumes their Silver tunnels choak,
And clowd the bluſhing Bride with Curling ſmoak.

The Temple opens, and diſcovers Zoilus *and* Semanthe *lying on two Mourning Couches, Mourners attending, and Lamps burning about them.*

Arax. What's this? to what a Pomp of Death I come?
Speak you, or are you, like thoſe Bodies, dumb?
Who did all this? I charge you, haſt, and tell,
How *Zoilus*, and how *Semanthe* fell?

Lo. Father, and Mother too—— art thou too dead?
Then all is paſt, and I who came to wed,
Muſt make the Grave, as it is thine, my Bed. [*Swoons.*

Arax. Hold her, ſupport her, haſt, and gently bow
Her body —— leave her —— She recovers now.

Lo. Are theſe my promis'd Nuptials? muſt I go
Thus to be Wedded midſt this World of woe?
If under ſuch a weight condemn'd to live,
Still I muſt beg a little time to grieve.

Arax. You ſhall not grieve alone, my Charming Fair,
Give me your Sorrows, or at leaſt my ſhare;
Too ſoon your Sex is with your woes oppreſt,
Which would ſit better in a manly Breaſt.
That Mournful aſpect half my hopes deſtroys,
Thoſe Sighs amidſt my Triumphs ſink my Joys.
In you my Soul would have her full deſire,
Did not thoſe Tragick ſights your Tears require,
And prove that pleaſure never comes entire.

FINIS.